

The Lamp



1923

The Lamp

Published by
The Senior Class



Lasell Seminary
Auburndale, Mass.

1922-1923

To the one whose beautiful character
and sympathetic nature has influenced
all Lasell girls that have known her; to
the one who comforts and helps us all;
to the one whom each of us loves and
will always remember; to

Miss Lillie R. Potter

Our Preceptress

we affectionately dedicate this copy of
"The Lamp"



LILLIE ROSE POTTER

Table of Contents

Dedication

Foreword

Campus

Faculty

Class of 1922

Seniors

Juniors

Sophomores

Freshmen

Specials

Clubs

Dramatics

Sports

Prom

Commencement

Alumni

Afterword

Adds

Foreword

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three gives to you the first copy of "The Lamp." The purpose of this book is to record and keep ever present the Memories of happy days spent here at Lasell. Let us look often into these pages during future years and let them bring to us again, reminiscences of classmates, teachers and happy times, ever awakening and keeping more true the love of our Alma Mater.



Lasell

Martha Haskell Clark, '05

Fragrant with all that is best of the past,
Golden with memories, long to outlast.
Leaving the old years, and facing the new,
Here is the message we're bringing to you;
We, who have loved you, are wishing you well,
Lasell!

Old walls that whisper with secrets untold,
Hallways that echoed our footsteps of old,
Moon-dappled campus, and tree-girdled hill,
We would be part of your visioning still!
We, who have left you, are wishing you well,
Lasell!

You, who have taught us the best that we know,
Clasped us, and loved us in days long ago,
May all your future prove fair as it seems,
Luck, and God bless you, our Mother of Dreams!
We, who have loved you, are wishing you well,
Lasell!



CAMPUS

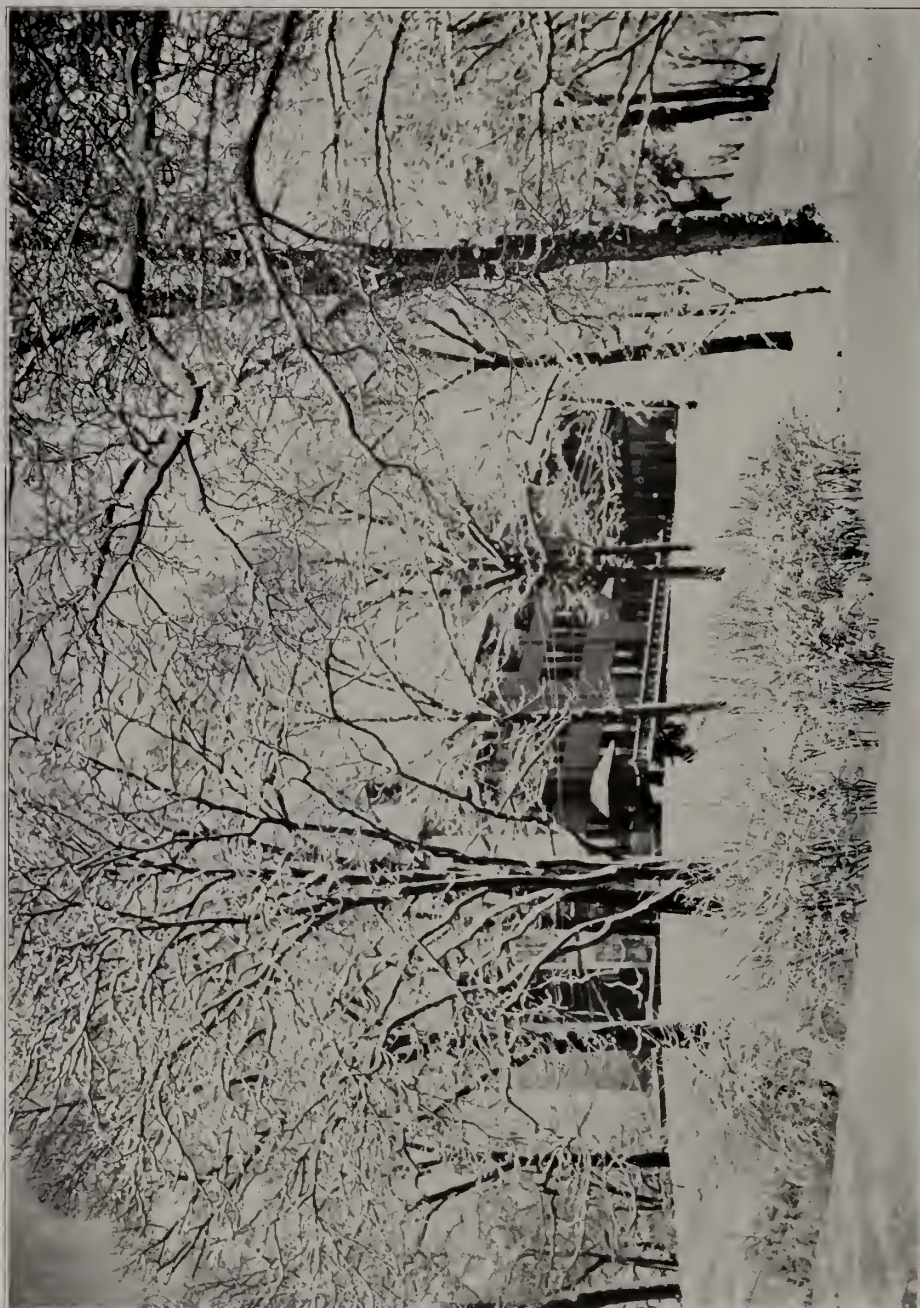
L.C.V.



ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN BUILDING



THE CROW'S NEST



BRADDON HALL IN WINTER



WINTER PICTURE OF WOODLAND PARK



CARPENTER HALL



GARDNER HALL



BANCROFT HALL



PRINCIPAL'S RESIDENCE



VIEW OF CHARLES RIVER

FACTS



DR. GUY M. WINSLOW



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IDA MARIE BUNTING,
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GEORGE S. DUNHAM,
Pianoforte, Sight Playing, Harmony.



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MABEL STANAWAY BRIGGS,
Vocal Training.

ELOISE CAREY,
Vocal Training, Solfeggio.

ANNA EICHHORN,
Violin.

CHARLES E. GRIFFITH, JR.,
Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

L. EDWIN CHASE,
Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo.

NELLIE ELIZABETH WOODWARD,
KATHERINE FARRAR,
BARBARA FENNO,
Physical Training.

E. L. GREEN,
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CAROLINE FENNO CHASE,
Field Secretary.

ELIZABETH F. HILBOURN,
Matron.

MABEL AGATHA ROMKEY,
Bursar.



REMEMBERS

Seniors of 1922, we are glad to have the privilege of devoting this section of our yearbook to your class. We know that you worked hard last year and that only through your efforts was The Lamp made a success this year. We thank each of you for helping us by subscribing as well as by lending your cooperation in other ways. Especially do we thank Helen Stern for her drawing and also your history that she wrote. Twenty-three will always remember the Class of 1922!



Officers

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> | JEAN WOODWARD |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | CATHARINE HOWE |
| <i>Secretary</i> | CAROLYN BADGER |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | VERA CLAUER |
| <i>Cheer-Leader</i> | HARRIETTE CASE |
| <i>Song-Leader</i> | GENEVIEVE TIERNAN |

| | |
|--------------|-----------------|
| CLASS MOTTO | PURPOSE |
| CLASS COLORS | GREEN AND WHITE |
| CLASS FLOWER | WHITE ROSE |

HONORARY MEMBER
CALVIN COOLIDGE





Class of 1922

Seniors

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| HELEN MARGARET ADAMS | Connellsville, Pennsylvania |
| RUTH S. ADLER | New Haven, Connecticut |
| FRANCES ANGEL | Dorchester, Massachusetts |
| FLORENCE GOODHUE ARCHIBALD | Jacksonville, Florida |
| CAROLYN WHIDDEN BADGER | Portsmouth, New Hampshire |
| LEILYA KENNEDY BARKMAN | Morristown, New Jersey |
| IVERNA LOUISE BIRDSALL | Naugatuck, Connecticut |
| MARY AGNES BISHOP | Ft. Fairfield, Maine |
| CAROLINE BOVEY | Newton Centre, Massachusetts |
| MARIAN AXTELL BROWN | Easthampton, Massachusetts |
| FRANCES VIRGINIA BUCHANAN | Moravia, New York |
| DOROTHY RECORD CALDWELL | Island Falls, Maine |
| HARRIETTE PHELPS CASE | Hartford, Connecticut |
| MIRIAM ALICE CHOLLETT | Toledo, Ohio |
| ANA BALCOM CLARK | Alajuela, Costa Rica, C. A. |
| VERA HELEN CLAUER | South Bend, Indiana |
| ETHELLE MAE CLEALE | Wollaston, Massachusetts |
| ALICE VIOLET COMLEY | Burlington, Massachusetts |
| SARAH FRANCES CRANE | Burlington, Vermont |
| HELEN ELIZABETH CRAWFORD | Parkersburg, W. Virginia |
| MARIAN JEAN CRAWFORD | Pontiac, Illinois |
| MARGARET LYNCH DAILEY | Augusta, Maine |
| MIRIAM LAURA DAILEY | No. Troy, Vermont |
| NAOMI MARGARET DAVIS | Elmira, New York |
| SARAH FLORENCE DAY | Exeter, New Hampshire |
| LUCILLE BELLE EICHENGREEN | Chicago, Illinois |
| VIRGINIA LORRAINE EMMOTT | Lowell, Massachusetts |
| JEAN FIELD | Omaha, Nebraska |
| GRACE MIRIAM GATES | Chittenango, New York |
| MARJORIE GIFFORD | East Orange, New Jersey |
| HELENE GEORGENE GRASHORN | Chicago, Illinois |
| CORNELIA MALLORY HEMINGWAY | New Haven, Conn. |
| ALVINE HOELSCHER | Chicago, Illinois |
| JOSEPHINE ADELAIDE HOLBROOK | Norwich, Connecticut |
| MARGARET OLIVIA HORNE | Pittsburg, Pennsylvania |
| CATHARINE HOWE | Helena, Arkansas |



| | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| VERDA ELIZABETH HUNTLEY | Lowell, Massachusetts |
| VIRGINIA BRADLEY HUSSEY | Norridgewock, Maine |
| LOUISE JACKSON | Fall River, Massachusetts |
| JOSEPHINE MAY KENYON | Westfield, Massachusetts |
| ELEANOR LOUISE KNIGHT | Wollaston, Massachusetts |
| MARJORIE NANCY LEWIS | Indianapolis, Indiana |
| HELEN JEAN LIBBY | Gorham, New Hampshire |
| CECILE FARRINGTON LOOMIS | Chicago, Illinois |
| MARJORIE EMMA LOVERING | W. Medford, Massachusetts |
| A. ELIZABETH MADEIRA | Reading, Pennsylvania |
| EDRIE HORTENSE MAHANEY | Bangor, Maine |
| PHYLLIS MAPLE | Peoria, Illinois |
| SALLY JOSEPHINE MARKS | West Hartford, Connecticut |
| MILDRED DAGMAR MELGAARD | Minneapolis, Minnesota |
| DOROTHY BEAUMONT MOORE | Silver Lane, Connecticut |
| MARGARET RAPELJE PAYNE | New York, New York |
| HELEN MAXINE PERRY | Ft. Fairfield, Maine |
| LUCILE MERIAM PFEIFER | Little Rock, Arkansas |
| PHYLLIS FRANCES RAFFERTY | Attleboro Falls, Massachusetts |
| MABEL ESTHER RAWLINGS | Pittsfield, Massachusetts |
| MARGARET BARNETT REID | East Orange, New Jersey |
| MARJORIE DRAKE RHOADES | Brockton, Massachusetts |
| FLORENCE CATHERINE SCHNEIDER | Brookline, Massachusetts |
| GERTRUDE CLARKEN SCHUMAKER | Lincoln, New Hampshire |
| THELMA CHRISTIN SCHWEITZER | Leipsic, Ohio |
| MAYNO BLOOM SELTZER | Shelby, Ohio |
| BARBARA HILLARD SMITH | Auburndale, Massachusetts |
| DOROTHY VERNON SMITH | Leominster, Massachusetts |
| EDNA SARA STARRETT | Bangor, Maine |
| HELEN STERN | Chicago, Illinois |
| A. LOUISE STEVENS | Portland, Maine |
| ELIZABETH WEBBER TARR | Biddeford, Maine |
| THERESA ANADA THOMPSON | Bangor, Maine |
| GENEVIEVE LAURA TIERNAN | Ft. Scott, Kansas |
| BERNICE ROSEBUD ULLMAN | Dallas, Texas |
| EUNICE VIRGINIA WALTER | Cincinnati, Ohio |
| MARIE EVELYN WASHBURN | Presque Isle, Maine |
| MARY LOUISE WEYMOUTH | Dexter, Maine |
| OLIVE LOUISE WHITEHEAD | Dorchester, Massachusetts |
| LILIAN MYRTIS WOOD | Taunton, Massachusetts |
| JEAN ADELAIDE WOODWARD | Denver, Colorado |



Twentecosistry

Really we were glorious—now I know I'm to be allowed that statement because time has mellowed '23's attitude toward us, or else because they, too, have learned how difficult it is to be glorious. Now that it has been decided '22 was unusually brilliant, it will not hurt its reputation to mention a few unromantic details along with our nobler deeds. Before proceeding you should be told that this is a unique history, the only history that has its dates mixed and admits it.

In 1919 the class originated; in '20 it went through the Sophomore stage, pulled through, and in '21, in our Junior year, the class sat up and began to take notice.

Picture those well poised, black capped and gowned creatures of '22 as they (the majority of them) arrived in September, '20, carrying many boxes, very frightened, and convinced that every one was a Lasell old girl but themselves. In those days, too, we had mothers hovering over us, who were perfectly sure Miss Potter had spent many sleepless nights finding us wrong roommates. Mothers left us reluctantly, little dreaming that their tearful, homesick little darlings were to become proud, well mannered, intelligent and independent young women.

That's us as is, but we were not, one occasion in the fall of '20, when one morning in Chapel, Louise Jackson, then Junior President, gave '21's banner, which we had taken, back to Dot Shove—but 'twas no victory for us, because in walked Lillian Doane with her banner—thereby squelching us for taking the class banner and not hers. Lillian, I must tell you now why, throughout that year you were so popular with the Juniors, it was because they thought, if they caught you getting away with six sandwiches, three sundaes, etc., they would be preventing the Senior banquet.

However, remember one year later our own Ku Klux Klan-like meeting in Carpenter, when the two Juniors who took the banner (after it was hung) were led by Pinky down the aisle of very stern and solemn Seniors and gave the banner back to Jean. The thunders of silence were mighty as the two girls tacked it up. Both Pinky and Jean conducted themselves perfectly.

I feel quite heroic in admitting we made a fizzle of stopping the Junior election. We snuck up on them, hid in closets, under beds, disguised ourselves as one of them—yes, all that—but after it was over. Still there is this consolation, we're here to tell of our failures, but had we intercepted them, Louie, with her sharpened dagger, Prilly Wolfe, Lu Scroggs, Lis Buettner and Prilly Osborn, the sharpshooters quartette, our success would have been something we should have been too maimed for life to tell about.

Weren't we noble specimens of wildness at our Junior elections in October, '20. We were just beginning to realize that the Senior houses weren't to be used as Junior permanent packing quarters and that you couldn't expect to have doors opened, chairs pushed, errands run by Seniors, when there also appeared on our horizon a dark, small, plump girl, with a southern drawl plus all the energy of a



steam engine. That was Fanny Brown, and she was very busy herding us new Juniors together at our election. The idea was that, at the dinner table, you were to whisper loudly to your neighbor, preferably a Junior, that there was to be an election that night at Clark. If all the Sophomores and Seniors weren't suspicious by then, winks and notes were to be called into use. I've been told since that that really wasn't in the scheme, but I'm sure it must have been because we were all so well organized in this publicity campaign. After dinner all the Juniors were to rush away from Sophomores and Seniors as if beset by some horrible plague, thereby completely unnerving the Sophomores and Seniors. After ridding ourselves of our mucilaginous friends we were all to nonchalantly admire the heavens. We were nonchalant for about seven and one half steps, then we all dashed madly over gardens into a nice quiet burglar alarm which could not be heard for more than ten miles away. The election and plan of meeting was a big secret—neither Mr. Melody or Mr. Danglemeyer knew a thing about it. Clark seemed infested with no human beings but Sophomores and Seniors, but enough Juniors did manage to conduct a meeting inside in darkened rooms, while many other Juniors were outside battling with muscular Seniors. Girls were climbing all over Clark, they lightly jumped from window to window, porch to porch, and slid down pillars. Clark looked like Field Day on the Alps. The meeting came to naught there, and later was held behind closely guarded doors in the old Chapel.

Of course our dreams began to take real form when the Seniors of '21, led by Dot Shove, took their caps and gowns. How we did admire them and how they thrilled us with their serenades.

The parties were all beautiful, but of course the party we gave to the Seniors stands out prominently in our memories. All the girls, headed by Louise Jackson and Fanny Brown, worked hard for that and their efforts weren't wasted.

Remember the last fling we took before the close of our Junior year—on the same night the Seniors took their Juniors to the Circus in the tent. The Circus made every one happy and at the same time gave the Student Aid Fund quite a financial boost. Remember Louise Jackson as the strong man, Lu Eichengreen the tight rope walker, Helen Adams, the baby, Joe Holbrook and Jean Woodward a horse, Bea Fields the snake charmer, Peggy Paine's orchestra, the Canoe Race, Lu Pfeiffer and Flossie Day talking machines—oh, yes, Connie Nies riding the white horse? Here my memory fails me, I can't seem to recall whether I ever did succeed in getting up on that old high white horse or not. I think the Circus was a success, at least Miss Potter won't forget it.

Throughout the year we were being linked more and more together to the ideals of our class. What a boost class spirit was given when we won Field Day and River Day in '21. In our Sophomore year the victories of these days were ours also. Kate Howe managed Field Day with Connie Nies, Harriet Case, Vera Clauer, Eleanor Knight, Leilya Barkman, Peggy Paine, Cis Loomis, Cornelia Hemingway, Marjorie Gifford, Ruth Adler the runners, jumpers, throwers and shooters. May 26, '21, was a grand day for us. The '22 crews worked hard, "when they felt they couldn't pull another stroke, that's when they sat up and pulled the hardest." Winning was a surprise, but we got used to it. Captains Tiernan of the first crew,



Washburn and Case of the second crews knew just how far concentrated gum chewing could push a Canoe. Those were important and proud days, proud because we did something to impress that band of black capped and gowned girls in boats which were so mysteriously gliding up and down the Charles.

Ah—sisters—let us but for a few brief seconds consider the events of year later, May 27, 1922. We lost, but wasn't our crew glorious looking? How thrilling to see the '22 boat come down the lane, girls stroking together like beautifully balanced human pendulums. Our crew lost, but they were beautiful doing it. About the hard work and training, Captain Tiernan, Howe, Hemingway, Loomis, Clauer, Case, B. Smith, Washburn, Cleale and those souls who were the stroking crew of motor boat can tell you with much feeling.

Aside from athletics we had splendid Glee Club, Christian Endeavor and Missionary records. In '22 Helene Grashorn was leader of Glee, Cecil Loomis of Christian Endeavor and Cornelia Hemingway of the Missionary Society.

The prom February 25, 1922, was quite an event in our lives. There was great excitement about having men out to the sacred grounds, and it deserved being made a big fuss about. The decorations were very elaborate. They were different colored streamers and called for much hanging; of course, there were many willing girls to hang—oh, that sounds killing—but you know what I mean. We so completely covered the ceiling with a network of these streamers, it hung sweet and low, so sweet that it was hard for the girls to come down to earth that night, and so low Cis Loomis, wearing low heels could hit her head on the ceiling. The music was splendid, the menu fine, the patrons and patronesses all very distinguished looking and all the girls simply lovely. Every one, men included, enjoyed it immensely.

Our Senior Election the first part of the year was held September 23, 1922, without any serious interruption. The officers were Jean Woodward, Kate Howe, Vera Clauer, Genevieve Tiernan and Harriet Case.

Both in Junior and Senior years '22 was prominent in hockey and basketball. We are all proud of the pretty playing Connie Nies did for us the one year she was with us. Catherine Howe, Captain, Vera Clauer, Cis Loomis, Harriet Case—sometimes the big girls let me play with them—played on the teams for two years, all working hard for the class.

One fine morning before breakfast we took our tables—against great odds—because for weeks beforehand the Juniors were on the lookout, watch out, find out, till finally they were worn out, and that's when we took them. It was March, the tables were moved while the two trusty Junior guardsmen were sound asleep in their third floor nest.

Remember Gum Shoe Jerry Banks—that girl played marvelous tennis for '22. She won for Lasell the singles against Jackson College star performer and it was beautiful playing. Kate Howe also always played a fine game for '22.

Our class could sing, too—it seems our motto should have been, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes it better for us our songs to memorize." Soon we all developed into expert dawnbreakers with Genevieve Tiernan the song leader, as yawn breaker.



Will you ever forget the day we took our caps and gowns, five o'clock in the afternoon December 7, 1921. We shall never forget the excitement of getting away with it, the thrill of being impressive, the genuine feeling with which we sang and how cherished was the appreciation from the other classes. No, probably we shall never forget that—but neither will we forget the confused black mess Gardner was in before we took them. We were so excited when we finally did get out with our newly acquired robes of dignity, we thought our one person the whole class, and our one individual yell sufficient for getting away with caps and gowns. But we all did, after a time, find the front of Gardner, we all did get organized and we all did yell together. Oh, what a relief to hear Misses Hoit, Woodward, Wright and Ells say it was all right. I think we all fully expected a Junior at the door tapping each one of us on the head with a fifty pound sledge hammer as we oozed out of the building, but there wasn't.

We were proud of our caps and gowns and we sincerely tried to live up to all they symbolized.

Excuse the rapid descent from off the dizzy heights—to the "Meow." The first number was given out December 12, 1921. Our class was responsible for the spirit of it,—interclass co-operation, and for the material, but of course, '23-'24-'25 and the faculty helped to make it the financial success it was. We shall let '23 tell of their number of the "Meow" themselves. From the two numbers of the "Meow" \$200 was realized for '22's endowment fund. That sum was the largest of any student enterprise of that year.

The class was working all the time for the endowment fund, Joe Holbrook had her sweaters and stockings sale and the proceeds of the coffee grounds Cafeteria was given to the fund, which at the end of the year totalled \$2,000, thanks to the help given by Dr. Winslow and Mr. Hemingway. Let it be recorded in history that we all finally did pass Miss Witherbee's Senior English. After recuperating from that came Mrs. Martin in March preparing us for commencement. Once again we kept early hours singing, and late hours preparing speeches and the rest of the hours humming and muttering these songs and speeches.

How quickly—too quickly—came Commencement night. It was very beautiful and impressive, every one deserves much praise. History need not go into details because I'm sure it is indelibly written on the minds of all those who were there.

Parting was sad, it was the Commencement of '22's realizing what the class and school meant. Let it also be recorded definitely in our history, that we all are very grateful to the faculty who worked so hard with us and that the memories of Lasell are our most cherished possessions.

One thing '22 was very disappointed in was not having a yearbook. The class of '23 has consoled us greatly in our lack of an annual because of its thoughtfulness and kindness in acknowledging our inspiration in their efforts. We admire and respect the class of '23 immensely and wish to thank them for allowing us this article, '22 will never forget.

HELEN STERN '22.



Cap and Gown Song

As Seniors here tonight we come
To sing of '22,
Honor to pay and loyalty
That unto her is due.
Our caps and gowns tonight we take
With pride, with purpose deep,
Never to falter on life's way
'Though rough the path and steep.
And these little lamps we wear
Send out their golden light,
To mark for us our chosen path;
They'll ever shine as bright
In years to come; our hearts shall swell
With love and praise for thee,
Our Alma Mater, dear Lasell,
A golden memory.
We pledge as Seniors here
To thee dear '22,
To you we will be true.



CAMPUS SNAP SHOTS



SENIORS





CLASS OF 1923
HONORARY MEMBER
WARREN G. HARDING
OFFICERS

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| President | LOUISE PUCKETT |
| Vice-President | ANNA BULLOCK |
| Secretary | MERCEDES RENDELL |
| Treasurer | FLORENCE BOEHMCKE |
| Song Leader | HELEN LIGHTBODY |
| Cheer Leader | ROSALIE GRUHN |
| Colors—Purple and White Flower—Violet Motto—"Lift High the Torch" | |



CATHERINE LOUISE PUCKETT: "Pinkie" Birmingham, Ala.,
1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '21, '22, '23; Dramatic Club '22, '23; Mandolin Club '21, '22, '23; L. C. C. Junior Second Crew '22; *Meow* Staff '22; *Lamp* Staff '23; Senior Play '23; President Missionary Society '23; President Dramatic Club '23; Vice-President Sophomore Class '21; President Junior Class '22; President Senior Class '23; Senior Dramatic Recital; Class Night Speaker.

Efficiency, speed, "pep"—are a few of the many admirable qualities of our Missionary President, our Dramatic President, and our Senior President. She is, has been, and always will be a big girl in Lasell, and yet in many ways she is a "Teeny" girl, too.



ESTHER PALMER



ANNA CARPENTER BULLOCK: "Annie"
Providence, R. I., 1920-1921, 1921-22,
1922-23

Orphean Club '21, '22, '23; Athletic Assoc. '21, '22, '23; Basket-ball Team '21; Student Council '22, '23; Secretary Missionary Society '22; Junior Committee in charge of Senior Reception; Dramatic Club '23; in play "Overtones"; *Lamp* Staff '23; Vice-President Senior Class '23; Class Night Speaker.

Second proof bearing out scientists' statement that sandy complexioned people make good executives. The best of everything to our Vice-President!



HARRIETTE MERCEDES RENDELL: "Mer"
Yonkers, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Secretary Senior Class '23; Orphean Club '22, '23.

A black notebook, a pencil, a sweet smile and an irreproachable disposition are some of the ways by which Mer has kept track of '23.



GERTRUDE WRAGG



HELEN PERRY



FLORENCE ELISE BOEHMCKE: "Bimick"
Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan., 1922, 1922-23

L. C. C. Junior Second Crew '22; Treasurer Senior Class '23; Athletic Assoc. '23.

We have to admit, Florence, that keeping our heavy financial records has been most trying, and we sincerely hope that you have not over-taxed yourself in your efforts to tax us.



HELEN LUCY LIGHTBODY: "H. Lucy"
Rochester, N. H., 1921-22, 1922-23

Orphean '22, '23; Glee '23; Athletic Assoc., '23; Song Leader '23.

Being song leader is no joke we know, Helen; in fact it has always been a mystery to some of us how even at 4.30, on dark wintry mornings you have managed to lead us in cheer as well as in voice.



CATHERINE BROWN



HELEN STRIFERT



ROSALIE HELEN GRUHN:

"Buddie," "Littley"

New York, N. Y., 1919-20, 1920-21,
1921-22, 1922-23

Cheer and Song Leader '20; President
'21; Cheer and Song Leader '22; Cheer
Leader '23; Orphean Club '19, '20, '21,
'22, '23; *Meow* Staff '22; *Lamp* Staff
'23; First Crew '20, '21, '22; Prom
Committee '23; Mandolin Club '23;
Athletic Association '20, '21, '22, '23;
Junior Committee for Senior Recep-
tion '22; Usher Commencement '22;
Letter for Shotgun Field Day '20.

Woodland is going to miss her; Brag-
don will miss her; and what will Gard-
ner be without her? Say, girls, here
is a riddle: If Pinky is "Teeny," what
is Rosalie? Give up? Why "Tony,"
of course!



ARLINE LOUISE ALLSOPP: "Poundy"

Newark, N. J., 1921-22, 1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23; Mandolin '23;
Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Missionary
Society '22, '23; Subscription Manager
Lasell Leaves '22.

The sweetest girl we know of, and
it is not all due to the candy she gets,
either.



LOUISE STRAUSS



MATILDA DAUGHERTY



VIRGINIA WESTON BASS: "Bass"
 Lancaster, N. H., 1921-22, 1922-23
 Glee Club '22, '23; Mandolin Club '23;
 Orphean Club '22, '23; Athletic Assoc.
 '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23;
 Class Night Speaker.
 We are worried! Virginia has not
 been in love for a week!



A. ELIZABETH BRISTOW: "Betty"
 Lynn, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23
 Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22,
 '23; French Club '23.
 Betty was not given big brown eyes
 for nothing; she has always managed
 to "get around" us with them, too. But
 never mind, Betty, we have rather liked
 it!



CHARLOTTE SIMS



MARGARET LONVAL



ELIZABETH IDA BUETTNER: "Liz"

Chicago, Ill., 1921-22, 1922-23

Staff *Lasell Leaves* '22; Basket-ball Team '22; Hockey Team '23; Winning Crew '22; Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23.

'23's pet twins. They are about as much alike as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Nathaniel Hawthorne. What one lacks the other makes up for.



HELEN THEODORA BUETTNER: "Dotty"

Chicago, Ill., 1921-22, 1922-23

Winning Crew '22; Hockey Team '23; Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23.

'23's pet twins. They are about as much alike as F. Scott Fitzgerald and Nathaniel Hawthorne. What one lacks the other makes up for.



HELEN SCHROER



LYDIA PARRY



MARGARET ELIZABETH BULLOCK:
Andover, Mass., 1920-21, 1921-22,
1922-23

Orphean Club '21, '22, '23; Glee Club '23; Mandolin Club '23; Studio Club '21, '22, '23; Aid of Missionary Society '23; *Lamp* Staff '23; Hockey '21; Crew '22; Class Night Speaker.

The class cartoonist. All of the credit goes to Margaret for the good-looking sketches in *The Lamp*.



DOROTHY BURDICK CAREY: "Dick"
Watertown, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Swimming Meet '22; Chairman Senior-Sophomore Party.

Dot has always been quiet, but this year she has taken on an added quality—that of awesome dignity—which frightens us just a little.



MARY DE WOLF



GRACE BRINKERHOFF



FLORENCE ELIZABETH CHANDLER:
"Betty," "Chetty"

Hudson, Mass., 1920-21, 1921-22,
1922-23

Athletic Assoc. '21, '22, '23; Spanish
Play '22; Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean
Club '22, '23; Missionary Society '23;
Class Night Speaker.

Betty has been dieting so steadily
that now she is almost a lightbody.



HELEN LOVETT CHAPMAN: "Hewsie"
Lake Geneva, Wis., 1921-22, 1922-23

Student Council '22; Hockey '22;
President Christian Endeavor '23; Ed-
itor-in-Chief of *Leaves* '23; Literary
editor annual staff '23; Class Night
Speaker.

To look at Helen one would never
guess that she thought deep thoughts
and read "Omar Khayam"; but she
does, and we love her for it.



EDITH SARAH SHAPIN



MARIA PARRY



DOROTHY GOULD CHASE: "Dot"

Dorchester, Mass., 1922-23

Mandolin Club '23; Vice-President
Missionary Society '23; Student Council '23; *Lamp* Staff '23; Dramatic Club '23; Athletic Assoc. '23; Class Night Speaker.

Dot has been with us only a year, but as for spirit and service—she has been with us always.



FRANCES MURRAY CLARKE: "Fran"

Plymouth, Mass., 1922-23

Orphean Club '23; Athletic Assoc. '23.

From the land of the Pilgrims comes demure little Frances—but sometimes we wonder!



ALICE ELIZABETH ANDERSON



GERTRUDE WESTERHOFF



ETHEL JOSEPHINE COLE:

Andover, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Mandolin Club '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Missionary Society '23; Prom Committee '23; Spanish Play '22.

Another one of our songsters. We are sorry that recitals don't come oftener.



CAROLYN STULTS COLTON: "Connie"

Granby, Conn., 1921-22, 1922-23

Vice-President Athletic Assoc. '22; Student Council '22; Hockey Team '22; Basket-ball Team '22, '23; *Leaves* Staff '23; *Lamp* Staff '23; President Student Council '23; Manager Hockey '23; Crew, Capt. Junior Seconds '22.

The evening isn't long enough to enumerate all the fine things we know about you, Connie, but when it comes to steadiness, stick-to-itiveness and fair play we all know that your place is away up at the top.



MARGARET NIDAY



FRANCES BADGER



JOSEPHINE CURRY: "Jo"

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1921-22. 1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23; Glee Club '22, '23; Leader of Glee Club '23; *Leaves* Staff '23; *Lamp* Staff '23; Chairman Senior Prom '23; President of French Club '23; Athletic Assoc. '22-'23; Missionary Society '22-'23; Class Night Speaker.

After bringing before you such a collection of unparalleled celebrities I shall not seek to "Curry" favor for myself by any plea of merit. Instead I shall merely follow the custom of every well trained Lasell girl and answer "Present."



ANNE SCOTT DAUGHERTY: "Ann"

Indianapolis, Ind., 1921-22. 1922-23

Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23.

Have you been fooling us, Anne, with your soft voice and gentle manners? Or have we really a "professional prom. trotter" in our midst?



LOUISE ORR



MARY ERHART



RUTH DINSMORE: "Dinty"

Belfast, Maine, 1921-22, 1922-23

Athletic Assoc. '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23; Senior Prom Committee '23; Spanish Play '22.

We know of many lovely comparisons for this demure little miss, but the most suitable, we think, is that of a smiling French doll.



BERENICE GERTRUDE FARBER: "Bee"

(Chicago, Ill., 1921-22, 1922-23)

Hockey '22, '23; Basket-ball '22, '23; 1st place Class A Swimming Cup '22; Red Cross, Life Saving '22; Winning Crew '22; 1st place Javelin Throw Field Day '22.

Good-naturedness and generosity are B's strong points.



MARY MILLS



SYLVIA LEVI



ADRIENNE FONTAINE: "McCormick"

Fall River, Mass., 1920-21, 1921-22,
1922-23

Glee Club '21, '22, '23; Orphean Club
'21, '22, '23; Athletic Assoc. '21, '22,
'23; French Club '21; Missionary So-
ciety '23; Junior Committee of Senior
Reception '22; Commencement Concert
'22; Canoe Club '21, '22.

Many of us will miss you and we
don't know just what John McCormack
will do when you leave Boston.



LUCY ANDREWS FULLER: "Chink"

Rockland, Me., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Secretary Glee Club
'23; Orphean Club '22, '23; 2nd Junior
Crew '22; Athletic Assoc., '22, '23.

Everybody enjoys seeing Lucy get
letters; but she always says, I "Need-
ham."



MARIE BOUCHE



MARJORIE NEEDHAM



FLORENCE M. GIFFORD: "Billie"

Evanston, Ill., 1919-20, 1920-21,
1921-22, 1922-23

Crew '20, '21; Secretary and Treasurer
of Class '21; *Leaves Staff* '22; Athletic
Assoc. '20, '21, '22, '23; Missionary
Society '20, '21, '22; Junior Committee
of Senior Reception '22.

Black hair, snappy eyes, red cheeks
and a big share of "pep" is often a
difficult combination, but Florence gen-
erally knows how to work it.



MABEL ELIZABETH GLEASON: "Pete"

Carthage, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Missionary Society '22, '23; Athletic
Assoc. '22, '23.

Mabel is a wonderful night watch-
man, ask any Junior! She is also an
expert provisioner; no little wanderer
ever goes hungry from her door.



ESTHER ADAMS



NAOMI JAFFE



GERTRUDE GOULD: "Gert"

Port Washington, L. I., 1921-22,
1922-23

L. C. C. Junior Second Crew '22.

We have learned from her room-
mates that she can and has talked.
How we wish she had demonstrated
this ability!



OLGA JEAN HAMMELL: "OJ"

Atlantic City, N. J., 1921-22, 1922-23
LeCircle Francais '23; Class Night
Speaker.

Olga must have caught some of the
atmosphere of her town; we have never
seen her when she wasn't pleasant.



MAUDE WILCOX



RUTH JUNKINS



RUTH FOLGER HIGHT: "Ruthie"

Boston, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Tennis Team '22; Glee Club '23; Orphean Club '23; Le Circle Francais '23; French Play '22; Head Aide French Reception '23; *Lamp* Staff '23.

Oh, Ruthie, don't you ever slip—don't you ever get the least bit mad or improper? You are continually at the "Hight" of dignity.



RUTH HILLS: "Rufus"

Newton Highlands, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Athletic Association '22, '23.

Cow-boy Ruth! What would Yellowstone Park do without her?



PHYLLIS HESSIN

BERYL SWEETLAND



HELEN ALBERTHA HINSHAW: "Hinky"

Kansas City, Mo., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Vice-President Dramatic Club '22, '23; Christmas Plays '22, '23; Senior Dramatic Recital.

One of our stage smitten members! No dramatic program is complete without her name.

RUTH WATSON HOPKINS: "Hoppie"

Fort Fairfield, Me., 1921-22, 1922-23

Ruth is a Senior from the ground up: besides having this enviable distinction she is pretty much of an artist, too.



RUTH JOHNSON



CAROLINE VICARY



MIRA W. HUGGINS:

Lockport, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Missionary Advisory Committee '23; Student Council '23; *The Lamp* Staff '23.

Steady, easy going Mira, but she can make a Remington or an Underwood "sit up and take notice."



LUCY MAY KELLOGG: "Luke"

Hallowell, Me., 1921-22, 1922-23

Missionary Society '22, '23; Athletic Association '22, '23; Spanish Play '22.

We have learned from her roommates that she can and has talked. How we wish she had demonstrated this ability!



BERTILA KRAKAUER



KATHARINE KNOX



CHRISTINE PRICE LALLEY: "Chris"

Bridgeport, Conn., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Dramatic Club '23; Junior Committee for Senior Reception '22; Athletic Association '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23; Presentation Speech to President Harding '22; Class Night Speaker.

Good old Chris! How many fond Junior hearts has Chris fluttered with, flirted with, and then left frazzled?



MARJORIE EASTMAN LOWELL: "Marj"

Marlboro, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

French Play '22; Athletic Association '22, '23; Prom Committee '23.

Let us see, Marj, what is the past tense of wilt? Walt, isn't it?



ALICE MCCAGHEY



BARBARA PINKHAM



IDA ANNA MARKERT: "Peggy"

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23.

Ida has many characteristics which we might well imitate. Best of luck, Ida, in your future work!



DOROTHY MILLER MAY:

New York, N. Y., 1922-23

Mandolin Club '23.

Dot has not been here very long, but we hope that Lasell has meant much to her.



MARGUERITE MURRAY



LILLIAN MERRIMAN



CATHLEEN IVAN MELOON:
"Ming Toy," "Trinks"

Portsmouth, N. H., 1921-22, 1922-23
French Play '22; Class Night Speaker.

Once this year for five whole days
we didn't see Cathleen and her shadow,
Virginia, but it was all right—they were
at her home together!



JEAN MERRICK: "Jeanie"
Elizabeth, N. J., 1920-21, 1921-22,
1922-23

Vice-President '20; Dramatic Club '23;
Missionary Society '23; Athletic Asso-
ciation '23; Chairman Senior-Junior
Party; Dramatic Club Play '23; Senior
Dramatic Recital '23; Senior Play.

Owning and operating the longest and
most efficient "line" in school. Long
may it pull, Jean!



BEATRICE TAIT



MARJORIE AITKEN



ANTOINETTE CECILE MERITT: "Ant-net"
Dorchester, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Athletic Association '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Glee Club '22, '23; Student Council '23; Three Honor Credits.

The lady we have to thank for our good-looking Senior stationery; but has she been working with some thought of the future?



DOROTHY F. MERWIN: "Dot"
Windsor, Conn., 1921-22, 1922-23

Missionary Society '23; Athletic Assoc. '23; Hockey Team '22.

Another one of the sweetest girls in '23. But she does have such trouble with her bills, and they are not all the payable kind, are they, Dot?



ELSIE TERHUNE



DORIS LOUGEE



MARY ANN MILLER: "Dizzy"

Indianapolis, Ind., 1922-23

Dramatic Club '23; Athletic Association '23; Senior Play '23; Senior Dramatic Recital.

Singing, "jazzing" Mary Ann! May all those dreams of stageland come true.



DOROTHY KING MILLSPAUGH: "Nance"

Walden, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23

Senior Prom Committee '23.

Dot just gives the impression of being shy. She surely is efficient—just ask any one who went to Prom and ate that wonderful food.



ELEANOR AVERILL



HELEN TERRY



ELIZABETH MITCHELL:
"Betty," "Mitch"

Norfolk, Va., 1921-22, 1922-23

Hockey Team '22; Captain Hockey Team '23; Basket-ball Team '22; Captain Basket-ball Team '23; Captain Tennis Team '22; Tennis Cup '22; Captain Winning Crew '22; Treasurer Athletic Association '22; President Athletic Association '23; Treasurer Missionary Society '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Lasell Sweater '22; Red Cross Life Saving Emblem '22; *Lamp* Staff '23; Swimming Meet '22; Junior Committee for Senior Reception '22; Chairman Japanese Tea '23; Two Honor Credits '22; Three Honor Credits '23; Class Night Speaker.

A big percent of whatever success '23 has made is due to the competent management of our Athletic Association President.



ELIZABETH LYDIA NEAL:
"Betty," "Neal"

Lynn, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Mandolin Club '22; Orphean Club '22, '23; Junior First, Winning Crew '22; Athletic Association '22, '23; Senior Play '23; Class Night Speaker.

There are a great many nice things we could say about you, Betty, but might we sum it all up by saying that you are the best sport we ever met!



DOROTHY REDMAN



MABLE BAVIER



BONNIE FRASER ORLADY: "Buddie"

Durand, Wis., 1921-22, 1922-23

Dramatic Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Senior Play '23; Dramatic Club Play '23; Junior Committee Senior Reception '22; Athletic Association '22, '23.

You have puzzled a few of us this year, Bonnie, but then, mystery only lends enchantment.



PRISCILLA WILLIAMS OSBORN: "Prilly"

Newark, N. J., 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23

Crew '21; First Junior, Winning Crew '22; Vice-President '22; Secretary Christian Endeavor '22.

"Prilly's" Junior and Senior years rather make us think of the old saying "from the ridiculous to the sublime."



RUTH GODLEY



LUCILLE NORRIS



CLAIRE PARKER:

West Barnstable, Mass., 1921-22,
1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23; Glee Club '23;
Dramatic Club '23; Senior Play '23;
Athletic Association '22, '23; Mission-
ary Society '22, '23.

Yes, Claire, it was the telephone,
needless for any of us to say; but, oh,
Claire, that Cape Cod accent!



HELEN FRANKLIN PHILLIPS: "Phil"

Woods Hole, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Missionary Society '22, '23; Athletic
Association '22, '23.

Another famous member of the "old
guard." Once again we ask the class
of '24 whether this is not true.



EDITH HADLEY



ANN McDAVITT



ESTHER CONSUELO PIZZINI:

"Pizzine." "Pizzinki"

San Antonio, Tex., 1921-22, 1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23; Athletic Association '22, '23.

Big-hearted, jolly, and likable is our Texan representative.



NORMA McLEOD PRENTISS:

Allston, Mass., 1919-20, 1920-21,
1921-22, 1922-23

French Play '21, '22; Athletic Association; Missionary Society; Orphean Club; Mandolin Club; *Lamp* Staff; Senior Dramatic Recital; Class Night Speaker.

How so much "pep" and ginger can be condensed into such a tiny girl we have often wondered; but Norma has supplied spice and seasoning for many a tasteless enterprise.



ELSIE DUFFY



MARY O'HARE



HELEN GERTRUDE REARDON:
Brighton, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Few of us have ever really gotten acquainted with Helen, but what we do know of her we like.



MARY EVELYN SHIDLER: "Evy"
South Bend, Ind., 1921-22, 1922-23

Leaves Staff '23; L. C. C. Second Junior Crew '22; Athletic Association '22, '23; Class Night Speaker.

One of our dearest class babies, but an all round, regular girl, too!



HAZEL STRYKER



ELIZABETH COTRELL



ADRIENNE ESTELLE SMITH: "Smithy"
Auburndale, Mass., 1920-21, 1921-22,
1922-23

Orphean Club '23; Glee Club '23;
Spanish Play '22, '23; Assistant Organ-
ist; Missionary Society '21, '22, '23.

This present day age of young people
has been the cause of a great deal of
worry to many people, especially to
this member of our class. But don't
worry, Adrienne, we'll come out on top
yet.



LOVINA FOWLER SMITH: "Del"
Spencer, Ind., 1921-22, 1922-23

Athletic Association '22, '23; Junior
Committee of Senior Reception '22;
Class Night Speaker.

"Modern Literature Class" wouldn't
survive without Dell's presence. The
most studious and painstaking member
of a class distinguished for its scholarly
attainments.



EDITH CLENDENNIN



DOROTHY PEARSON



RUTH SARAH SEIDEL THROM:

"Goldilocks," "Thromie"

Reading, Pa., 1922-23

Orphean Club '23; Athletic Association '23; Le Circle Francais '23.

Never to our knowledge have we seen Ruth without at least a dozen or so specials, letters and telegrams. But we could at least be nasty enough to say that the rest of us do not have so much trouble in keeping up with our correspondence.



KATHARINE SHAW



LOUISA CARRINGTON VENABLE: "Louie"

Norfolk, Va., 1921-22, 1922-23

Secretary Junior Class '22; Missionary Committee; Hockey Team '22; *Meow* Staff '22; Junior *Leaves* Staff '22; *Leaves* Staff '23; Editor *Lamp* '23; Dramatic Club '22, '23; 2nd Vice-President Dramatic Club '23; Dramatic Club Plays '22, '23; Senior Dramatic Recital '23; Studio Club '23; Junior Committee, Senior Reception '22; Athletic Assoc. '22-'23; Missionary Society '22-'23; Class Night Speaker.

Here would be another chance for us to enumerate a long list of successful achievements were the evening less short. All the luck in the world to you, Louie, one of the finest girls in '23.



KATHARINE WEBB



JESSIE WATTERS: "Green Gables"
 New London, Conn., 1921-22, 1922-23
 Student Council '23; Glee Club '22, '23;
 Orphean Club '22, '23; Studio Club
 '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23;
 Athletic Association '22, '23.

Jessie is very quiet but she always manages to get there; many school activities will miss her support.



ISABELLE WHITCOMB: "Izzy"
 Essex Junction, Vt., 1921-22, 1922-23
 Orphean Club '22, '23.

What will Gardner do without Isabelle to create a little excitement with a cut, bruise, or bump of some kind to be tied up!



HELEN STAPLES



PHYLLIS BRIDGER



DORRIS ANN WILDE: "Dot"

North Andover, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Glee Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23.

One of Miss Potter's mildest "little doves," notwithstanding her "Wilde" origin.



PRISCILLA MARY WOLFE: "Pil"

Canton, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Mandolin Club '22, '23; Orphean Club '22, '23; Dramatic Club '22; L. C. C. Junior Second Crew '22; Spanish Play '22; Missionary Society '22, '23; Athletic Association '22, '23.

'23's little tom-boy! We'll never forget that toboggan slide last winter, Pill, and we guess that you never will, either.



THELMA BILLS



ELLA ROBBINS



ALICE LOUISE WOOLLEY: "Woolley"

Salem, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23

Orphean Club '22, '23; Mandolin Club '22, '23; Dramatic Club '22, '23; Publicity Manager Dramatic Club '23; Dramatic Plays '22, '23; Senior Play '23; Athletic Association '22, '23; Missionary Society '22, '23; Spanish Play '22; Senior Dramatic Recital '23; Class Night Speaker.

The class politician! Some time we are going to reform and reorganize Tammany Hall with Louise as "Boss."



VIRGINIA STEVENS



SENIOR HOUSE PICTURES



Japanese Tea

On March third "just a little bit o' Japan" settled at Lasell and took form in a tea. The sunny lanes of Tokio were put to shame by the galaxy and profusion of wistaria and cherry blossoms which so cleverly and effectively concealed the gym.

The food was deliciously prepared by some of the experienced "P. K.'ers," and was served by charming, almond-eyed misses who may have lacked experience but surely made up for this loss in their quick service. The proceeds of the tea went towards the Senior Endowment Fund.





Miss Woodward



Home Again



Florence + K



L



Winter Sports



Woolley + Anna



Three Generations



Croud



Carpenter



Miss Coggschall



Helen + Betty



What's Wrong with this Picture?
No Steve!



C



The Hall of Fame

Senior Statistics

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Most Popular | LOUISE PUCKETT |
| Most Talented | BETTY NEAL |
| Most Personality | LOUISE PUCKETT |
| Most Stylish | BETTY NEAL |
| Most Dignified | RUTH HIGHT |
| Peppiest | ELIZABETH BUETTNER |
| Wittiest | JOSEPHINE CURRY |
| Sweetest | BONNIE ORLADY |
| Prettiest | HELEN CHAPMAN |
| Neatest | DOROTHY MERWIN |
| Cutest | NORMA PRENTIS |
| Best Athlete | ELIZABETH MITCHELL |



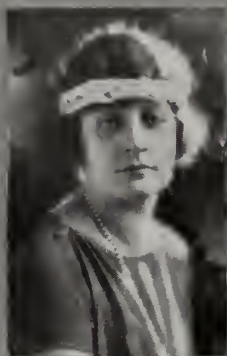
Norma Prentiss



Bonnie Orlady



Josephine Curry



Elizabeth Buttner



Louise Pickett



Helen Chapman



Elizabeth Neal



Ruth Hight



Dorothy Merwin



Elizabeth Mitchell

THE HALL OF FAME



Pep and Liz



Carolyn and Pinkie



Marg and Chris



Mary and Jean



Four Generations



Dot and Betty



Cassie and Dot



May and Louie



Betty and Mable

HAPPY "FAMILIES"



LOOKING BACK ON CLASS OF 1923



Whitcomb



Woolley



Smith-L.



Wilde



Lowell



Venable



Mitchell



Miller



Allsopp



Kellogg



Dullock-A.



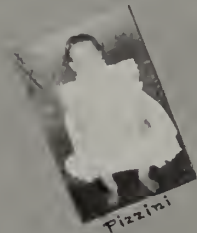
Dolton



Lally and Family



Gifford



Pizzini



Gruhn



Farber



Clarke



Hammell



Bullock - M



Menitt



Smith - A



Hopson



Minshaw



Watters



Chandler



Hight



Wolke



Carr



Gould



Lerry



Dinsmore



Reed



Markert



Millepugh





Officers of Junior Class

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| President | BERTHA KRAKAUER |
| Vice-President | FRANCES BADGER |
| Secretary | KATHARINE WEBB |
| Treasurer | EDITH HADLEY |
| Song Leader | HELEN SCHROER |
| Cheer Leader | GERTRUDE WRACC |
| Honorary Member | GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING |
| Colors | BLACK AND WHITE |
| Flower | RED ROSE |



CLASS OF '24



Roll Call of '24

Esther Adams
Marjorie Aitken
Elizabeth Anderson
Eleanor Averill
Frances Badger
Avis Ballou
Elizabeth Barden
Gertrude Bardwell
Mable Bavier
Thelma Bills
Frances Bliss
Marie Boucher
Phyllis Bridger
Grace Brinkerhoff
Catherine Brown
Margaret Bunnell
Brenda Copeland
Blanch Copithorn
Marietta Chase
Edith Clendennin
Irma Conant
Elizabeth Cottrell
Helen Cummings
Matilda Daugherty
Mary DeWolfe
Alice Dick
Elsie Duffy
Mary Ehrhart
Miriam Ellsworth
Elizabeth Frick
Pauline Gagne
Ruth Godley
Lois Gottlieb
Edith Hadley
Margaret Hall

Anna Hendee
Phyllis Hessin
Eleanor Hibbard
Naomi Jaffe
Marjorie Jagger
Ruth Johnson
Ruth Junkins
Katherine Knox
Bertha Krakauer
Sylvia Levi
Doris Lougee
Arline Lougee
Esabel Lummus
Olive Lunny
Lillian Merriam
Mary Mills
Lillian Morong
Marguerite Murray
Alice McCaghey
Anna McDavitt
Lillian McGee
Marjorie Needham
Margaret Niday
Lucile Norris
Louise Orr
Mary O'Hare
Esther Palmer
Lydia Parry
Maria Parry
Eleanor Parsons
Dorothy Pearson
Helen Perry
Gertrude Phillips
Barbara Pinkham

Dorothy Redman
Ella Robbins
Marguerite Robinson
Helen Robson
Frances Royce
Helen Schroer
Helen Schultz
Edyth Shapin
Katherine Shaw
Charlotte Sims
Hazel Small
Helen Staples
Sylvia Starr
Virginia Stevens
Ruth Stoneman
Louise Strauss
Helen Strifert
Hazel Stryker
Beryl Sweetland
Anita Swope
Beatrice Tait
Elsie Terhune
Helen Terry
Louise Titus
Jocelyn Tong
Isabelle Varney
Carolyn Vicary
Katherine Webb
Alice Webster
Gertrude Westerhoff
Maude Wilcox
Doris Woodruff
Gertrude Wragg
Alice Wry





Sophomore Class

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>President</i> | CATHERINE LALLEY |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | MARY SAUNDERS |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | ELIZABETH PARKER |
| <i>Hon. Secretary</i> | HELEN LANDON |
| <i>Acting Secretary</i> | EVA-MAY MORTIMER |
| <i>Cheer and Song Leader</i> | ESTHER HARVEY |

Katherine Beecher
 Leonore Belber
 Helene Berkson
 Muriel Gilman
 Edna Hart
 Esther Harvey
 Catherine Lalley
 Helen Landon
 Eva-May Mortimer

Maura McCarthy
 Elizabeth Parker
 Sylvia Parker
 Eleanor Rinebold
 Mary Saunders
 Miriam Smith
 Marjorie Wilcox
 Mary Godard
 Christine Chamberlain



CLASS OF '25



The "Vill"



The "Vill"



Chester



Alfred



Back from the
"vill"



Two in front



The Twins



One in





T.H.E.B.

FRESHMAN



Freshman Class

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| President | BETTY LUNN |
| Vice-President | HELEN MCINTIRE |
| Secretary and Treasurer | BARBARA CUSHING |
| Cheer and Song Leader | JESSIE MATTESON |

Members

Miriam Belber
 Lois Bryant
 Dorothy Campbell
 Elinor Chase
 Christine Chamberlain
 Cora Cornell
 Barbara Cushing
 Margaret Finegan
 Phyllis Fox
 Elizabeth Irish
 Betty Lunn

Jessie Matteson
 Louisa Mueller
 Helen McIntire
 Gertrude Powdrell
 Ella Richards
 Nadine Strong
 Emma Smith
 Harriet Taylor
 Margaret Virkler
 Ruth Dunning



THE 13.

SPECIALS



Special Class

President HORTENSE ARESON
 Vice-President NATALIE ALLBURY
 Secretary and Treasurer MARION KIRBY
 Class Colors GREEN AND BROWN
 Class Flower EVERGREEN TREE
 Class Motto "EVER STRIVING ONWARD"

Members

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Hortense Areson | Harriet Dawson |
| Alfreda Trondsen | Rosalie Carp |
| Harriet Seaman | Madaline Stover |
| Dorothy Cox | Miss Winston |
| Natalie Allbury | Miss Eames |
| Marian Kirby | Miss McDermitt |
| Jean MacKay | Miss Sumerby |



L.C.V.

LITERARY



MRS. GUY M. WINSLOW

Mrs. Winslow, we want to thank you for the help, as well as the advice, that you have given us on *The Lamp*, and we felt very proud to have you as honorary member of this year's Staff.



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Mitchell



Prentiss



Chase



Hight



Grubin



Venable



Colton



Puckett



Curry



Bullock-M.



Bullock-A.



Huggins

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Bunnell



Allsopp



Bristow



De Wolf



Chapman



Colton



Shidler



Venable



Curry

"LEAVES" STAFF



L.C.V.

CCUES



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DOROTHY CHASE

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ANNA BULLOCK

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STUDENT COUNCIL



The Christian Endeavor and Missionary Society

These two organizations play an important part in the life of students at Lasell. Our Christian Endeavor Society meets every Friday evening and is led by the girls themselves. Once a month the Missionary Society takes charge of Sunday Vespers. The meeting is presided over by the President and the speakers are always intensely interesting. The money raised by the Missionary Society is distributed to meet different needs throughout the world.

President of Christian Endeavor

HELEN CHAPMAN

Officers of the Missionary Society

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
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| Vice-President | DOROTHY CHASE |
| Secretary | EDITH CLENDENIN |
| Treasurer | ELIZABETH MITCHELL |
| Auditor | DORIS LANE |

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Aides

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DOROTHY REDMAN

RUTH JOHNSON

GERTRUDE WRAGG

MARGARET HALL

MARGARET LONVAL

EDNA HART

ELIZABETH PARKER



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND MISSIONARY SOCIETY



Glee Club

Leader.....JOSEPHINE CURRY

Secretary.....LUCY FULLER

Librarian.....ADRIENNE FONTAINE

Elizabeth Anderson

Hortense Areson

Virginia Bass

Mabel Bavier

Elizabeth Bristow

Margaret Bullock

Margaret Bunnell

Dorothy Carey

Harriette Case

Elizabeth Chandler

Josephine Curry

Barbara Cushing

Constance Epstein

Adrienne Fontaine

Lucy Fuller

Lois Gottlieb

Eleanor Hibbard

Ruth Hight

Helen Hinshaw

Doris Wilde

Mira Huggins

Christine Lalley

Helen Lightbody

Olive Lunny

Antoinette Meritt

Elizabeth Neal

Margaret Niday

Lucile Norris

Elizabeth Nowell

Mary O'Hare

Esther Palmer

Claire Parker

Dorothy Pearson

Louise Puckett

Marguerite Robinson

Helen Schroer

Adrienne Smith

Miriam Smith

Jessie Watters



GLEE CLUB



Mandolin Club

Leader DORIS LOUGEE

Accompanist MARGUERITE ROBINSON

Secretary MARGUERITE MURRAY

Members

Helene Berkson, Mandolin

Dorothy Brown, Mandolin

Ethel J. Cole, Mandolin

Dorothy Chase, Mandolin

Barbara Cushing, Mandolin

Elsie Duffy, Violin

Doris Lougee, Violin

Mary Mills, Violin

Marguerite Murray, 'cello

Sylvia Parker, Mandolin

Helen Perry, Mandolin

Louise Puckett, Mandolin

Dorothy Redman, Banjo Mandolin

Beatrice Tait, Mandolin

Hazel Stryker, Mandolin

Priscilla Wolfe, Mandolin

Ukeleles

Margery Aitken

Arline Allsopp

Elizabeth Anderson

Virginia Bass

Margaret Bullock

Mary DeWolf

Rosalie Gruhn

Dorothy May

Elizabeth Nowell

Norma Prentis

Gertrude Westerhoff

Louise Woolley



MANDOLIN CLUB



Le Cercle Francaise

Honorary Member..... M^{LLE}. JEANNE LE ROYER
President..... JOSEPHINE CURRY
Vice-President..... PHYLLIS HESSIN
Secretary and Treasurer..... HELEN SHULTZ

MEMBERS

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Mary Saunders | Elizabeth Bristow |
| Maria Parry | Jessie Matteson |
| Esther Adams | Marie Bouché |
| Ruth Hight | Sylvia Starr |
| Mercedes Rendell | Helen Robson |
| Helen Perry | |



LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS



Studio Club

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Boss | MISS ELLS |
| Scribe | HARRIETTE P. CASE |
| Anarchist | JESSIE WATTERS |
| Money-Man | CATHERINE BROWN |
| Hoodoo | EVA-MAY MORTIMER |
| Mascot | LUCILE NORRIS |

Members

| | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Eleanor Averill | Bertha Krakauer |
| Lois Bryant | Arline Lougee |
| Margaret Bullock | Isabelle Lummus |
| Margaret Bunnell | Mary Anne Miller |
| Elizabeth Cottrell | Louisa Mueller |
| Muriel Gilman | Priscilla Osborn |
| Eleanor Hibbard | Catharine Shaw |
| Phyllis Hessin | Sylvia Starr |

Louisa Venable



STUDIO CLUB



Orphean Club

| | | |
|-------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Adams, E. | Fontaine | Parker, Elizabeth |
| Aitken | Fuller | Parker, Claire |
| Allsopp | Gagne | Parker, Sylvia |
| Anderson | Gottlieb | Parry, M. |
| Areson | Gruhn | Pearson |
| Ballou | Hessin | Powdrell |
| Barnard | Hibbard | Puckett |
| Bardwell | Hight | Pizzini |
| Barden | Hinshaw | Prentis |
| Bass | Huggins | Rendell |
| Bavier | Irish | Rinebold |
| Belber, L. | Knox | Robinson |
| Berkson | Lalley, Christine | Royce |
| Brinkerhoff | Landon | Saunders |
| Bristow | Lightbody | Seaman |
| Bullock, A. | Levi | Schroer |
| Bullock, M. | Lumms | Starr |
| Bunnell | Lunny | Strifert |
| Carey | Markert | Strong |
| Clark | Matteson | Stevens |
| Chandler | McDavitt | Smith, A. |
| Conant | Meritt | Smith, M. |
| Copeland | Mills | Swope |
| Cole | Mitchell | Stryker |
| Cox | Murray | Throm |
| Cummings | Niday | Titus |
| Curry | Neal | Watters |
| Cushing | Norris | Webb |
| Dawson | Nowell | Whitcomb |
| Duffy | O'Hare | Wilde |
| DeWolf | Orlady | Wolfe |
| Ehrhart | Palmer | Woolley |
| Epstein | | |



DRAMATICS



The Dramatic Club

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| <i>President</i> | LOUISE PUCKETT |
| <i>First Vice-President</i> | HELEN HINSHAW |
| <i>Second Vice-President</i> | LOUISE VENABLE |
| <i>Secretary</i> | BARBARA PINKHAM |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | MATILDA DAUGHERTY |
| <i>Chairman of Publicity Committee</i> | LOUISE WOOLLEY |

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| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Hortense Areson | Christine Lalley |
| Sylvia Parker | Bonnie Orlady |
| Dorothy Chase | Claire Parker |
| Marjorie Jagger | Edythe Shapin |
| Mary Ann Miller | Matilda Daugherty |
| Helene Berksen | Barbara Pinkham |
| Christine Chamberlain | Jean Merrick |
| Gertrude Wragg | Mary Saunders |
| Louise Puckett | Ruth Stoneman |
| Avis Ballou | Anne McDavitt |
| Anna Bullock | Miriam Belber |
| Louise Wooley | Phyllis Fox |
| Helen Hinshaw | Marjorie Needham |
| Louisa Venable | Katherine Shaw |
| Leonore Belber | Constance Epstein |
| Elsie Terhune | Elsie Duffy |
| Maude Wilcox | Dorothy Brown |
| Dorothy Redman | |



DRAMATIC CLUB



December 9, 1922

Lasell Dramatic Club

—presents—

NEIGHBORS

ZONA GALE

SCENE: MIS' ABEL'S KITCHEN

Players in the order of their appearance:

GRANDMA

BONNIE F. ORLADY

MIS' DIANTHA ABEL

BARBARA L. PINKHAM

EZRA WILLIAMS

GERTRUDE WRAGG

PETER

LOUISE WOOLLEY

INEZ

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY

MIS' ELMIRA MORAN

MATILDA DAUGHERTY

MIS' TROT

HELEN HINSHAW

MIS' CARRY ELLSWORTH

MARJORIE NEEDHAM

OVERTONES

ALICE GERSTENBERG

SCENE: HARRIET'S LIVING ROOM

Players in the order of their appearance:

HARRIET, a cultured woman
(A rich man's wife)

JEANNETTE MERRICK

HETTY, her primitive self

ANNA BULLOCK

MARGARET, a cultured woman
(A painter's wife)

LOUISA VENABLE

MAGGIE, her primitive self

ELSIE TERHUNE





Lasell Senior Play

March 24, 1923
at 8.00 o'clock

Orchestra: HELEN SCHROER, Leader

Now and Then by Gertrude Breen
 "1750" Claire Parker
 "1923" Rosalie Gruhn

INTERMISSION

The Ghost Story by Booth Tarkington

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| George (an earnest young gentleman) | | Louise Woolley | |
| Anna (a young girl of twenty) | | Louise Puckett | |
| Grace | } Three Girl Friends | { Bonnie Orlady | |
| Mary | | | Norma Prentis |
| Lennie | | | Mary Ann Miller |
| Tom | } Four Youths | { Jeanette Merrick | |
| Floyd | | | Isabelle Whitcomb |
| Lynn | | | Elizabeth Neal |
| Fred | | | Elizabeth Mitchell |



SENIOR PLAY



Senior Dramatic Recital

March 1, 1923

PROGRAM

LOVE AMONG THE BLACKBOARDS Myra Kelley

LOUISA VENABLE

ASHES OF ROSES Constance D'Arcy Mackay

LOUISE PUCKETT

TROUBLE (A Pet Dog) Laura Williams

NORMA PRENTIS

MANDALAY Rudyard Kipling

MARY ANN MILLER

INTERMISSION

THE BEAU OF BATH Constance D'Arcy Mackay

HELEN HINSHAW

THE MATINEE GIRL Beatrice Herford

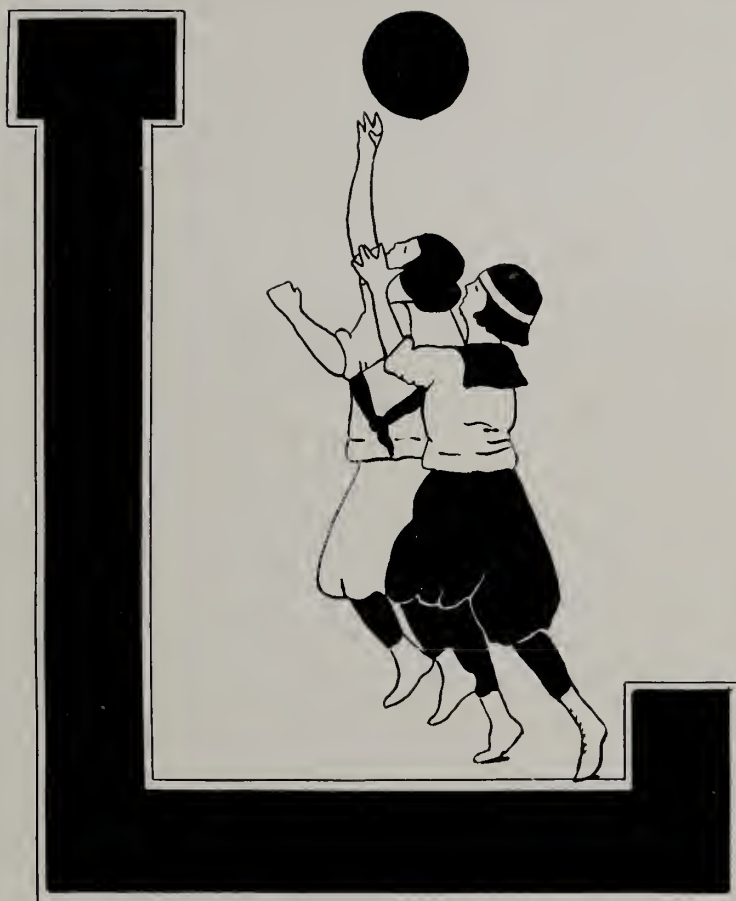
JEANNETTE MERRICK

WHY THE CANDLE FLY LOVES THE LIGHT Ruth Dyer

BONNIE ORLADY

NORA HAS HER PICTURE TOOK Walter Ben Hare

LOUISE WOOLLEY



SPORTS

L.C.V.



Officers of the Athletic Association

President ELIZABETH MITCHELL
 Vice-President KATHARINE WEBB
 Treasurer FRANCES BADGER

Wearers of "L"

| | | |
|-------------------|--------------|------------|
| Mitchell***** | Chapman* | Gottlieb* |
| Buettner, H.**** | Merrick* | Hadley* |
| Buettner, E.***** | Venable* | Clendenin* |
| Farber***** | Bullock, A.* | Parry, L.* |
| Colton***** | Hight * | McDavitt* |
| Gruhn* | Mortimer* | Robbins** |
| Neal* | Badger* | McIntire** |
| Osborne* | Brown* | |



MONOGRAM CLUB



The Field Hockey Team

| | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| Center | HADLEY |
| Center Half | COLTON |
| Right Inner | D. BUETTNER |
| Left Inner | ROBBINS |
| Right Wing | MITCHELL |
| Left Wing | McINTIRE, CUSHING |
| Right Half | E. BUETTNER |
| Left Half | FARBER |
| Full Back | MORTIMER, BADGER |
| Goal | GOTTLIEB |



Basketball

Forwards MITCHELL, COLTON
 Guards PARRY, MCINTIRE
 Center CLENDENIN
 S. Center ROBBINS

SUBS

Forwards STRYKER, CUMMINGS
 Guards McDAVITT, REDMAN
 Center NEAL
 S. Center CUSHING



Clara Russell



Hotel DeLuxe



Miss Warren



Boasting



Waiting



Help



Top - Alice - etc



A Winter Picnic



Mary and Matilda



at the top of
Mt. Surprise



Snow - Shearing



Feasting





The Senior Prom

With the calm expectancy before a hilarious event we the Seniors tripped our light-hearted way to Woodland Park. Gone was decoration distraction, gone the sleeveless protestations, and in their places the care-free spirit of the dance had written its story on every countenance. Arriving, we gathered in gay clusters and waited. The poor flurried men were ushered into our chattering midst and soon the meal began. There were several casualties during this repast, one man mistook the chop for a sample, and two others, quite concerned about their poor horses which they had left saddled in the storm, made frequent sojourns to assure themselves of the shivering beasts' comfort; a fourth, hotel fashion, ordered two nests of ice-cream, with no compassion for the starving cooks. Aside from these, however, and some few mixed dinner dances the banquet went smoothly.

After a few minutes rest of promenade and idle talk we were all crowded again into the hall for the flash light. It was called flash, but the method of taking it had none of the qualities commonly attributed to that word. In fact, some one aptly remarked, as we grew paralyzed from posing, "Are we going to dance between pictures?" Even the strongest grew weak from laughing, but finally the orchestra wailed forth its welcome sounds.

Aside from the terpsichorean delights of the evening, every girl was busy trying to see some of the most notable escorts. Fortunately handsome blasé Colt was tall, so that trouble was lessened; but Pinkie and Walt were more difficult to locate on a crowded dancing floor; Norma, however, was an unconscious aid by calling "O'Henry," during the short intervals they were separated; Liz was conspicuous with her slick-haired Dick, the Divine; and Jean was almost in a state of exhaustion from trying to keep up with Art's remarks. Helen Chapman whirled gayly around with Mysterious Mr. Drescoll and between dances we were entertained by Eric, whose nimble fingers urged all the latest tunes from the piano. And just as some one called our attention to Anna who went gliding by, the tall blond Carroll Towne hove into our field of vision proclaiming his views to earnest-eyed Helen. Also at our dance we learned from the rapt faces of Antoinette and Marjorie just the proper expression for those who have serious intentions.

Thus in kaleidoscope manner we viewed one another and we defy you to show us a finer array of youth. The evening passed. Hours so full of joy and laughter slipped by unknown and the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" broke with a shock on our reluctant ears.

Our Senior Prom was over, but who could forget the loss of anticipation, when one could replace it with such happy memories?

MARY ANN MILLER.



THE PROM. OF 1923



Memories of Prom

Who can name the joy we felt
As at the altar of jazz we knelt,
To the ceaseless movement of rhythmic feet,
Now and forever a memory sweet,
Our Prom!

A night of glamor, of music, of men,
The future holds many, but never again
The radiant looks we met, when faced
By the effervescent girls, who graced
Our Prom.

Girls resembling paintings rare,
Girls with black or golden hair,
Perfect from their shimmering dresses
To the bands that bound their tresses
at Our Prom.

Too soon the final notes were ended,
Farewells on the night air blended.
Then dissension and subdued laughter
Echoed thru the halls long after
Our Prom.

Life so anxious to force our tears
Will find an enemy thru the years
In a memory of the past,
A memory that shall ever last,
Our Prom.



TEB.

COMMENCEMENT



Class Night Program

| | |
|--|------------------|
| Processional | CLASS |
| Word of Welcome | ANNA BULLOCK |
| Welcome Song | CLASS |
| Roll Call of Class | JOSEPHINE CURRY |
| "Lift High The Torch" Presentation | HELEN CHAPMAN |
| | EVELYN SHIDLER |
| | LOVINA SMITH |
| Prophecy | OLGA HAMMELL |
| | VIRGINIA BASS |
| | CATHLEEN MELOON |
| Mementoes | LOUISA VENABLE |
| Songs | CLASS |
| Farewell | LOUISE PUCKETT |
| Farewell Song | CLASS |
| Recessional | CLASS |
| Farewell to Bragdon | DOROTHY CHASE |
| Song to Bragdon | CLASS |
| Farewell to Gardner | NORMA PRENTIS |
| Song to Gardner | CLASS |
| Farewell to Carpenter | LOUISE WOOLLEY |
| Song to Carpenter | CLASS |
| To The Flames | CHRISTINE LALLEY |



Address of Welcome

By Anna Bullock

A hearty and cordial welcome, dear friends, to our Class Night festivities,—festivities that are as a falling curtain upon the many delightful activities in which we of '23 as Lasell students have played our part. At this time, when our hearts are warm with the spirit of loyalty and love for our Alma Mater, this word of greeting extended to you all comes from the innermost depths of our hearts and expresses our appreciation of your sympathetic and kindly interest in us.

To you, dear parents and guardians, whose sacrifice has made possible our very presence here tonight, we hasten to offer our fondest of welcomes. Though we have not been fortunate enough to have you with us during the year, nevertheless we have felt your spirit of trust and encouragement constantly hovering over us and inspiring us to do our best. Now it is with the greatest of pleasure and satisfaction that we greet you personally at this time when we are about to attain our goal.

As in the past no Lasell function has been complete without you, our beloved Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, so this Class Night of '23 would lose much of its significance and joy were you not present to grace the occasion. Our close association with you during these years at Lasell has not only endeared you to us, but the memory of your faithful efforts in our behalf will inspire us also in the future to a lasting loyalty to our dear school.

Miss Potter, our Mother-friend, no words of ours are needed to welcome you to the gaieties of this night of nights. To know you is to love you! What would our years have amounted to at Lasell without you by our sides ever ready to guide and cheer us? Indeed our hearts go out to you in loving appreciation.

Among those to whom we are delighted to give a special word of greeting are you, Mr. and Mrs. Towne. You have been our true friends from start to finish, ready at all times to help us with your kindly advice. How many a rough place has been made smooth by your cheerful assistance. The recollection of your friendly interest in us will remain with us forevermore.

Dear teachers, what a joy it is to have you with us tonight. Not only with untiring patience and steady effort have you led us into the fields of knowledge, but also by your painstaking care and by your personal interest in us, you have helped us to have a more earnest purpose in life. We shall probably realize the full extent of your friendly influence over us not so much in the immediate future as in the later years, when we have long been absent from these sheltering and protecting walls.



As we glance through this assembly we see your friendly faces, comrades and schoolmates, sending forth that same radiant spirit of devotion and good fellowship by which you have made our days bright since the beginning of the year. We pause a moment to bid you a most cordial welcome. It is you, dear friends, who, both by your loving and sympathetic comradeship and your steadfast loyalty, have helped to make this year one never to be forgotten. Your memory will long be cherished.

To you, Class of '25, our hearts go out in especial greeting. Dearest of sisters and most loyal of friends, only those who have known you as we throughout this past year can comprehend the depth of our affection and devotion to you. As you have remained true to us during these months, so in the long years to come will we be true to you, our sisters of '25.

Seniors of tomorrow, you, too, hold a very special place in our affections on this evening, both so joyous and yet so sacred to us all. May all rivals that we may meet later in life have as fine a sense of sportsmanship and fair play as you have displayed! May each and every one of you have as wonderful and as profitable a Senior year as we have enjoyed.

Again, as a class of sixty-four Lasell students about to go forth into the world, —with only the precious memory of our school days remaining, we welcome you, one and all, heartily to the Class Night of '23.



Class Hymn

THE TORCH

The Torch! significant the name of all we hold
In arts, in dreams, in lore of sages gone!
These gifts and more those men of olden days
Have handed down to sons of a new dawn.

And so to keep the light of learning bright
That has come down as an inheritance,
We take the torch and lift it high,
Insure its place an age-long permanence.

Such was our challenge; such, our boast;
Not spoken in pride and foolish self-conceit,
But made in courage to go forth and meet
With victory, defeat—
Thus hope we, '23.

Lasell as medium 'twixt the old and new,
Gave glimpses bright into the Sibyl's fire,
Doing her share to show us ways of life
To follow which she did our souls inspire.

And having seen what so far has been done,
And having heard what there is left to do,
We look upon the world as we come forth
And lift above our heads with vigor new
Our lighted Torch.

To-night, ah, friends, we shall not soon forget;
For on this eve a solemn pledge we take
To guard our memories well of dear Lasell
And of old joys new visions make.

Not joy alone we have, but hope and trust;
Our future close at hand divides us as it must;
But we are held in bonds our pledge makes bright
That we Lift High the Torch always, as here to-night.

HELEN CHAPMAN.



The Class Prophecy of 1923

CHARACTERS

DEL SMITH—A Summer Girl
VIRGINIA BASS—A Business Type
OLGA HAMMELL—An Old Gypsy Woman
CATHLEEN MELOON—A Gypsy Girl (Nita)
EVELYN SHIDLER—A Gypsy Boy (Pete)

THE SCENE—IN A GYPSY CAMP

(The Three Gypsies are sitting around the camp fire)

DEL: Do you think this is the right place?

VIRGINIA: Well, they certainly look reliable. They are gypsies, aren't they? That's what we want. Don't be afraid!

OLGA: Come in! We tell fortunes! We tell fortunes!

VIRGINIA: That's just what we want! We have been globe trotting and haven't heard of some of our classmates for just ages. We want very much to learn about them. It's a hard task that we set you. Do you think you can undertake it?

OLGA: Yes, yes, fair ladies, of course. We see all things past and present, far as well as near.

NITA: Sure we can tell it. That's what we're here for.

OLGA: Come close to the fire, my dears. By the coals and by the cauldron and through the spirits in the air we will tell you all you wish to know. Even now the red coals become more glowing and in their light I see one with fiery hair. She used to lay down the law to her submissive classmates.

DEL: Yes, of course—that's Pinky.

OLGA: She is still a leader as Governor of her native State, and still hers but to say the word and all obey.

PETE (listening): Oh, Granny, Granny, I hear in the distance a wild yelping as of an animal. It's a Wolf.

VIRGINIA: Oh, that is Priscilla!—you remember. She was interested in a man at Yale.

NITA: Yale! A man! About him are many books and papers, yes and strong youths, too. In weariness he turns from them and makes his way homeward where the girl waits to welcome him.

OLGA: There is one among your number that makes much silver in a little French shop in a town of crooked streets ten miles from your school. Much time she still finds to go the rounds of college proms and football games.

VIRGINIA: My word, Del! That's Betty Neal! Can you tell us something of a girl named Carey?

OLGA: Carey—Carey——Carey.

DEL: Oh I know about her! I saw her at our alumnae luncheon in Paris.

PETE: Paris—Paris! The voices tell me she is there to get training for her work. With her songs she makes happy the sick and the sad, but her hobby is millinery.



VIRGINIA: Speaking of Paris,—When you were there last year did you go to the art exhibition at the *Salon*? Did you know that the picture that won the prize was Margaret Bullock's?

NITA (who has been stirring the cauldron, suddenly speaks): Was there one named Colton in your class?

DEL: She must mean Connie.

NITA: I see that she went back the year after graduation to show girls how to jump and leap; but later she was chosen to teach sewing, and now the course consists of things called crocheting and tatting.

DEL: Just imagine it!

PETE: Nestled between two large stores of one of New York's busy streets is a little hardware shop; the sign over the door is F. Boehmcke & Co. Specialty—Dumb-bells.

DEL: Why I don't get the point of that!

VIRGINIA: Well, who's the dumb-bell now?

OLGA: And on the opposite side of this street is a shop where many lively pets bring joy to the little children,—especially fat squirrels and plump chipmunks.

VIRGINIA: Where have I heard that before? Oh, of course! Lowell & Rendell's shop of world renown.

NITA: I see a black-haired southern girl called Louie. She is still in Virginia and has become editor of the *Gosport Junction Weekly Gazette*. By her hard work, the subscription list, she boasts, has reached 250. Twice a week Betty Mitchell goes twelve miles to take care of the high school team of the Gosport High School. She also writes the column of sporting news.

DEL: Oh, by the way, I heard Adrian Smith expounding on *Feminism* down in the Latin Quarter the other night.

VIRGINIA: My dear, NO! And she was the one who thought that the coming generation was going to the dogs!

PETE: I see a rival. You would not know her by her name for before her last school year was finished she had lost all her beliefs in fortune tellers. From her own experience she realized that the art brings much silver. She therefore opened fortune telling parlors in Boston, where she took the name of Madam Zoo Zoo. The great wealth which she gains comes mostly from Lasell girls. But she does not have the true gift that born gypsies have—her real name is Frances Clarke.

VIRGINIA: Say, Del! Do you remember Helen Hinshaw of Missouri? Her husband is a very prosperous farmer I gathered from the letter from her the other day. She dotes on raising flowers, especially PANSIES.

OLGA: Many of your friends have shops, it seems, and among these is Woolley's Kitchen in Greenwich Village. Its strawberry crushes made it famous.

VIRGINIA: Well, I don't know about the strawberry variety, but in other kinds she must have qualified at Lasell.

DEL: By the way, did you see that immense picture of Jean Merrick in the last *Vogue*?

VIRGINIA: NO! I'm so Chagrined!!

DEL: It was a gorgeous one. You know she has become very popular in her latest comedy, "Undertones."



PETE: I have a long message this time. Two of your girls when at school were as close as Siamese twins. Strange to say, they played that part in a western circus after having been stranded out there. And in this same circus is a bareback rider, who became such in order to shock the natives of her own home town down in Maine. The three girls have now joined forces and have put on the stage some new psychological features under the name of Lightbody, Chandler and Kellogg.

OLGA: I see in one of your big western states a great work going on. Helen Chapman, who, soon after leaving you, married a young preacher, is there. In spite of the many home cares she takes active part in the Ladies' Aid and Home Missionary circles. Shadowing her is another—Prilly Osborn. She grew very tired of society life while her husband was in South America, and went out west to visit Helen. While there she became so interested in Helen's work that she gave a year of her life to organizing a choir. Under her skillful management it has gained national fame. Lasell should be proud to claim this rare musician as a former student.

PETE: I see one that flits hither and yon, like yourselves a globe trotter, chasing around the world. Her name is Dorothy.

VIRGINIA: Speaking of globe trotters, when I was out in Chicago last year I hunted up the Buettners, and guess what I found them doing? They were directing traffic in the busiest street corner of Chicago. The signal machines have been done away with. Liz now makes the signals and Dotty shouts the orders.

DEL: By the way, I went up to Essex Junction last year and saw Dotty's roommate Izzy. Her daughter's name is Dotty, and Izzy chases around calling, "Oh, Dotty, where are you?" just exactly as she did on third floor Gardner.

VIRGINIA: Has any one heard anything about Pizzini?

NITA: Pizzini—an Italian name. I am of Italian blood, also. A tall dark girl whose eyes and songs continue to charm the olive skinned gallants of Argentine.

PETE: Strange, but Paris keeps running through my thoughts tonight. In the suburbs of that city I see a girl called Betty Bristow married to a diplomat there. He has represented his country in all corners of the globe.

OLGA: Well done, my son! And there is one who has always been closely connected. In an old picturesque villa in sunny Italy is her roommate, formerly Jo. Curry, but now she is the wife of a titled Italian opera singer, Count Pickolo-Tomata, of the Italian Preserves.

NITA: But, Granny, the scene of a little white cottage comes to me. Here sits a jolly little mother, a wonderful pal to her children.

VIRGINIA (who has just burned her finger in the coals): YUMPIN' YIMMINY!

DEL: Nance Millspaugh is who she means. She always did have a fondness for Sweden.

PETE: In Chicago it is Hull House, but in Durand, Wisconsin, it is Orlady House—where Bonny—yes, that's her name, continues to charm and help the children of the poor. Although she is very busy with her home duties, she still finds time to give to social service.

OLGA: There is great musical skill among the members of your class. I see the name of one Geraldine Farrar effaced and in its place shine out the words *Christine Lalley*.



DEL: I had heard that Chris was very successful, but I supposed that by this time "Vin" had persuaded her that a woman's place is in the home.

NITA: Still another of musical talent was one who sang and played. Not only did the stringed instruments vibrate to her touch, but the heart strings of many trembled at her playing. The coals of the fire bring me her name, for it is Cole.

VIRGINIA: Why, that's Ethel. I know about her—she is teaching music at Woodland Park School.

DEL: That must be nice for Dot Merwin, because I was told that she went back and took a position in *The Junior School* to be near Cassy.

VIRGINIA: And by the way, did you know that Ruth Hight had established a school near Boston? She closes her school every Friday night and the girls all go away for the week-end without even asking for permission.

PETE: I see a girl called "Bee," who is now married and living in a vast city.

DEL: Bee always was running down to New York for her holidays and that explains the attraction.

VIRGINIA: Well, what has happened to Florence and Chink?

DEL: Florence, I know, was finally persuaded that she would rather be the wife of one of the promising officials of the *National Cash-Register Co.* than a kindergarten teacher. Her roommate, Lucy Fuller, is making the most of her *Home Economics Training* and that dream of the cozy little apartment has come true.

VIRGINIA: I didn't think the *Lasell Dramatic Club* would turn out any stars, and as far as I know it hasn't. And who would ever have thought that gentle Helen Reardon, who always stood in the background, would be the world's most famous masculine impersonator?

DEL: But you are all wrong about the *Dramatic Club*, for I have heard that Mary Ann Miller is on the stage and has aroused a great deal of interest by her Oriental dances which she learned on the road to Mandalay.

VIRGINIA: Oh, by the way, because of Ruth Hopkins' great interest in secretarial work, she has seen to it that every schoolhouse in Aroostook County has a typewriting course.

NITA: The cloud before my eye seems to surround a blond. Oh, now I see the cloud is heart affairs and these self-same affairs help her now in her chosen work, which is romantic journalism.

VIRGINIA: Ruth Throm, to be sure, is the editor of the "Lonely Lovers' Consolation Magazine."

OLGA: Some one else is there with her, too. Gertrude Gould is her name and she sees that the silver keeps coming promptly from countless readers.

PETE: Speaking of heart affairs, I get word about another blond girl called Norma. She, too, has had more or less romances. There pass before me a Russian painter, a bally Englishman, and three stunning Porto Ricans. They fade and I see that she has decided that she likes American youths better than these others. But the question is "Which One?"

VIRGINIA: Oh Del, dear, I forgot to tell you Pete Gleason is very prominent in her own city where she runs a soup kitchen at her own expense. She stands for hours passing out bread to the unending line of poor.

OLGA: There was a girl in your class whom you thought very solemn and sedate, but she had her weaknesses, you know. Now, as of old, she is a faithful



follower of John McCormack, and wherever he gives a concert she may be found in a front row seat.

PETE: The wind, suddenly grown wild, brings a message of one of that name. She is a very mannish person. What changes time brings. She is stumping her native state for the public office. She will soon be Senator Wilde.

DEL: Speaking of politics, the class of '23 never thought when we chose ex-President Harding for our honorary member that we would have two of our girls in the White House. You know that Dorothy May is the first lady of the land and the President's secretary is Mira Huggins.

PETE: You have another classmate living in Washington,—Anna Bullock, who is married to a Congressman and is very active in taking leading parts in society plays.

VIRGINIA: My dear, when I was down in Newport last summer my attention was directed toward an unusually attractive Japanese tea room; when I went in whom do you think I found in charge? Rosalie Gruhn and Arline Allsop. They had become so bored with society that they thought they must do something, so Rosalie acts as head waitress and Arline prepares delicious waffles and hot dogs.

OLGA: By the blue of the sky and the reflection of the water I see Monte Carlo. The frequenters of this resort flock around a beautifully gowned woman. I think her name is Ann.

VIRGINIA: Wouldn't you know that was Ann Daugherty? And what about her roommate?

NITA: Let me try again. The first name is foreign. Antoinette—the last is Merrit. She has been married some time and takes a keen interest in her husband's work when it comes to making senior stationery and programs for Lasell annual prom.

PETE: A governor was spoken of a while ago; there is another politician in your class—a mayor of Belfast, Maine—Dinsmore is her last name. By working nights and days she has at last succeeded in putting Belfast on the map.

DEL: You know that Helen Phillips is taking up a very different sort of life; in fact she is head of an Old Maids' Home.

NITA: There are two of your classmates who have changed very little. These are Claire Parker and Ruth Hills. Claire continues to dash about and have as much fun as ever. Ruth still takes long rides in her Sedan—she conducts small select parties to Yellowstone National Park.

OLGA: I see only two others. One designs the settings for the Follies—this is Jessie Watters; the other is Ida Markert, the leading lady.

VIRGINIA: This is the greatest shock of all!!!!

OLGA: No more! No more! However much you seek or cross our palms with silver.

DEL: Just one more question. How did you ever know so much about our classmates?

NITA: Why, you sillies, we are Lasell girls, too, and graduated with the class of '23 ourselves. We're doing this for charity.

VIRGINIA: Why, Del, they are Evy Shidler, Cathleen Meloon and Olga Hammell.

THE END.



Aleventoes

By Louisa Venable

Sister Class, you who have been so true and faithful to us throughout this year, it is with sad hearts that the class of 1923 faces the hour of separation. Sophomores, you are very dear to us; never shall we forget your love and loyalty. Not once have you failed to serve us. The many thoughtful things that you have done to make the Seniors happy have been genuinely appreciated. Tonight we leave with each of you these presents—tiny gifts by which you may always be reminded of the love that Twenty-Three bears her “Baby Sisters.”

And now, members of the Class of 1924, dear Junior rivals, I consider it a pleasure and honor to be allowed the privilege of standing here and addressing you. We have met before. Still well do I recall that night early last November when I had my first introduction to 1924 as an assembled body. It was an occasion worth remembering, a Senior welcomed so warmly into that intimate group of Juniors and given such a delightful ride—to say nothing of a short stroll afterwards—at your expense. You have been dear to me ever since, Oh, Juniors! Before you reach that state of dignified seniorhood it is my duty this evening to leave with some of your members small gifts. They are to remind you of mistakes and “*faux pas*” made on numerous occasions in spite of excellent judgment, discretion, and knowledge shown at other times.

Mary O'Hare—It is embarrassing, Mary, for me to have to give you this check. I hate to pay for a ride so enjoyable as the one your class gave me. But we know how you exhausted the class treasury to pay for your private taxi—to say nothing of the divine trucks that carried the other members of your class to Wellesley and Junior elections. As knowing Seniors, we therefore feel duty bound to help you out. So “from the Bank of Experience and Knowledge, we pay to the order of Mary O'Hare a large amount of common sense.”

Well, well, here we have with us Jumpy, the jolliest, jumpingest of Juniors! Always on the jump, during the last two years you have earned your name. You have jumped on numerous occasions, but usually after everything was over—never in time to prevent the Seniors from accomplishing anything. So we give you this jumping Jack to remind you of those times after you have become a staid and solemn Senior.

To you, Jocelyn, with your clever notices to post on bulletin boards, with your marvelous plan of day and night shifts, with your time clocks, etc., to prevent Seniors from taking tables—(but we must mention here that even they were not



clever enough to outdo the Merry Widow of 1923)—also with your whimsical remarks, we give this Jester's cap—the wit of the Junior class!

Louise Orr, the patient waiter of Lasell. For one, two, three, four years she has always been the one to welcome old girls and to show all the "ropes" of the place. Tomorrow you will be a Senior, after waiting all these years, so we give to you a diploma as a goal to strive for during next year. Good luck to you!

Helen Schroer—In years before this, it has become the custom at Class Night to slam the Juniors because they have lacked "pep." But 1924 has certainly a wonderful "pep" in you. Never too tired to play the piano, writing one good "peppy" song after another, you have won the admiration of the entire Senior Class. So we compliment the Junior Class on the "Peppiest Pep" Lasell has ever known in Helen Schroer.

Frances Badger, Bertha Krakauer—In spite of the Jester, Jumpy, and Pep we have heard rumors of much feeling between the political parties of the Junior Class, so to you two, representing Main Building and Woodland, I give a remedy, guaranteeing that it will do away with previous quarrels and differences of opinions—a tube of glue,—during your Senior year may you not fail to stick together.





Farewell

By Louise Puckett

Our Class Night is almost at an end, but before we say Farewell let us think for a moment about the period we have spent here together. For some it has been two years, for some three and for some four. How reluctant we were to leave our homes! How the weeks before we could return seemed to stretch on and on! The environment was new, the manner of life untried and the faces unfamiliar.

Time changes all, and not many weeks passed before we had come to love those things which we had at first thought strange or unpleasant. Soon we were a big, happy family, living together in close companionship, which as the years have slipped by has grown more precious. And so now as the time for departure draws near we realize what this intimate association means to us. In our desire to prolong it we wish that Father Time were not quite so old; or that it had been possible for him to stay the flight of the months all too quickly passed. What would we give to go over them all again? Once to us Class Night seemed in the dim future, now it is upon us and soon it will be a cherished memory. Almost as from a dream we are awakened by the sad realization that the time has come when we must say goodbye to every one and everything that has meant so much to us. We who have been united for a whole year must part, never again to come together in the same group. Some we shall meet in the future; others we may not see; but not one shall we forget!

We are very grateful for the high example and splendid leadership we have had in our beloved Principal and his wife. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, it is with deep regret that we say goodbye to you. Know that our appreciation of your unfailing courtesy and generosity is deep and genuine.

Miss Potter, you have constantly been our joy and inspiration. To know that there was some one to whom we could go with our problems, some one who would understand, has brought us comfort. As we say farewell to you we cherish the hope that you may make Lasell days for future girls as happy as you have made them for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne, your kindly interest in our progress and our welfare is gratefully recalled now in this hour of parting, and will many times recur to our minds! Many of our pleasures and much of our success, both as Juniors and as Seniors at Lasell, we owe to you.

Dear teachers, in one sense we are not saying goodbye to you, for what you have done for us has become a part of ourselves. In home and community life



we shall take our places more wisely and successfully because you have given us practical training, because you have shown us some desirable things in the realms of the mind and spirit.

Seniors of tomorrow, Class of '24, dear Juniors, we have enjoyed your friendly rivalry this year. By keeping close watch upon us you have inspired us to do what was expected both as students and as leaders in school activities. We want you to think of us next year; for many times our thoughts will wander back to Lasell and especially to you who are to fill our places. In saying goodbye, we hope that you may, as we have done, find your last year at Lasell a fulfillment of all your desires and anticipations.

Sophomores, you have ever been devoted to the cause of your Senior sisters. There is an inexpressible sadness in our hearts tonight, as '23 bids you farewell, dear little sisters!

Schoolmates, it has been good to know you. Often we shall find ourselves thinking of you and of the happy days spent here together. We know that in your care the name of the Alma Mater we all love will be well guarded. Any standards which we may have failed to reach you must strive to attain.

Class of 1923, "Lasell Days are Nearly Over," and we leave behind us the land of its happy school life. Now, because Fate has so decreed it, there is a separate path for each of us; but we shall not really be separated, for the experiences of this happy year together have established among us an indestructible friendship, and its memories will serve to keep our hearts forever united. You have been faithful, '23, and I may indeed say a loyal band, "bound firm by a bond unbroken." Dear '23, Farewell!



Farewell to Bragdon

By Dorothy G. Chase

As tonight we bid farewell to you, dear Bragdon Hall, our hearts indeed "swell with undying love." It is fitting that to you we should first pay tribute, for you have been the heart of all our school work and activities.

In the classrooms you have offered us those things which give skill of hand, strength of body, and alertness of mind. In the chapel where we have gathered for morning worship we have learned some of life's deeper lessons. We think, too, of the lectures, musicales, and plays that you have thrown open for our enjoyment or for our profit. 'Tis beneath your wide spreading roof-tree that the underclassmen have cheerfully given us of their hospitality. In the dining-room we have enjoyed the feasting and revelry as only Lasell girls can. Here it was that some time before Easter, we, Seniors, gathered to enjoy the closing weeks around our own tables.

Bragdon Hall, as we recount your priceless gifts, there comes to us the thought of our dear Miss Potter, who has been a guide through many a perplexity. We shall never forget the helpful Sunday evening meetings in her room, where we, who had come with tired and hopeless hearts, found so much rest and comfort.

Many other rooms are dear to us, but none holds more precious associations than our Senior Room,—a place of our very own, where we could be alone to plan and work out our class problems! May the Seniors-to-be prize it as much as we have.

Dear Bragdon, we bless you for the memories,—the lasting friendships; for friends have played a large part in this life within your kindly halls. There have come changes in this past year. Through illness some have left us, but this night we are thinking of them. We wish we might have shared their friendship and love for a longer time.

Now, dear Bragdon Hall, our Student Home on the Hill, as an unbroken band we, the class of '23, may never see you again;—but, through all the years to come, your influence will shine forth as a guiding light, and you, yourself, will stand as a symbol of service to others.



Farewell to Carpenter

By Louise Woolley

The old adage, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," can certainly not be applied to this particular instance; for tonight as we stand before you, dear Carpenter, in this moment of parting, we find no sweetness in the sorrow. We realize that the time has at last come when we must bid good-bye to the house we love so well; to the house that has offered us such protecting shelter all through this year; to the house that to us all has been "Home."

We have come to love you, Carpenter, love every room within your old walls. With reluctant hearts we turn from you tonight, and say farewell forever to the many good times enjoyed here throughout the year. They are but memories now,—memories that will live forever in our minds and hearts. We shall cherish them always as we often recall our happy Lasell days.

We have been twenty-four of the jolliest Carpenterites that ever graced the campus—living together as one big family, sharing one another's joys and griefs, and day by day coming into a better understanding through our close association. At night, after study hour, your walls have resounded with the mirth and laughter of your carefree children. How silent you stood throughout it all,—yet somehow we knew that you too were enjoying it fully as much as we.

Our COMPLETE happiness was marred, however, by the departure of two of our merry family. It was with heavy hearts that we saw Miss Woodward leave us,—she who was formerly a loyal Lasell girl, and later our helpmate, adviser, teacher and friend. It was with tear-filled eyes that we saw the familiar objects of her room disappear from sight. Her leaving was not only a loss to you, dear Carpenter, and to your girls, but to every member of Lasell. Our love and best wishes will follow her always. Too, we have missed the cheery companionship of Dot Barnard, the only member of '23 to wear a cap and gown and not to receive her diploma. Owing to illness, she was forced to leave us, and it was not easy to see her go. We shall recall her often as one of '23's leading "songsters."

To Miss Coggeshall and Mrs. Saunders, our loving house-mothers, we owe much. They have helped us in everything,—sympathized with us in our difficulties and joined in our fun as good sports. By keeping us contented and happy, they have succeeded in making '23's Senior year one to be cherished; so tonight as we stand united, we take this opportunity to express to them our deep appreciation and love.

Reluctantly now we realize that all our good times enjoyed with you are over, dear Carpenter. Yet we feel that when some day we return to you, you will welcome us in your old cordial way, and will afford us rest and contentment, such as we have found with you during the swiftly passing months. To your future children,—Seniors of tomorrow and years to come,—we take this opportunity to express the hope that their days spent within your walls may be as happy as ours. But now the moment has come! With heavy hearts we pause in our evening of revelry,—pause—and remembering always how we loved you,—Farewell, dear Carpenter, Farewell."



Farewell to Gardner

By Norma Prentis

Gardner dear, the time has come when we must say farewell to you who have sheltered us so safely throughout this memorable year. Now that the hour is at hand, we realize how deeply love for you has been instilled in our hearts.

We are filled with a yearning to live again our year as Seniors. Dear Gardner, if this great desire were to be fulfilled, perhaps we would leave undone some things for which we are sorry and would perform many little acts which we have thoughtlessly neglected. Our fond memory and love for you, however, dominate all haunting regrets.

This year has been one of happiness, nurtured by the warmth of friendship which in days to come will grow more strong and staunch. What happy hours we have spent by your hearth! What jolly times we have enjoyed with our classmates! What gay music and merry laughter have resounded through your spacious halls! What loving guidance we have had from our dear teachers, Miss Wright and Miss Ells! How grateful we are to you for these privileges! Sad, indeed, we are at the realization that they are no longer ours, for we must say good-bye.

As subjects come kneeling at the feet of a queen, to pay due homage, so '23 is now gathered at your threshold to offer to you her last tribute—loyalty forever. Dear Gardner, Farewell!



Flame Speech

What a great gift Prometheus secured for mankind when, ascending to heaven, he lighted his torch at the chariot of the sun and brought down fire. The real value of this great achievement was but little recognized in that far-off mythical time, but throughout the succeeding ages men have come to realize its life-giving and sustaining power. Much, too, has been learned of the evil as well as the beneficial uses of fire. Tonight, however, I am not to tell of myths or legends, but I am to speak of fire and its greatest meaning to us Lasell girls who are gathered here to observe a time-honored rite.

To us tonight this fire symbolizes the complete destruction of all that has brought us distress or annoyance. Our Lasell days have been the happiest ones of our youth, but as in every period of life, there are bound to be discouragements to meet, and unpleasant tasks to perform, so here, too, there have been trials and vexations, but in order that we may forget every unpleasant moment spent here we are to follow a splendid custom and make an end to our small troubles by flinging them into this devouring flame. Thus when we leave this spot all prejudices we may have had through our all too quickly passed Lasell days will have become extinct, and all associations with things of a disagreeable nature, even our ungenerous thoughts, will die out, and once cast into flame can never be revived.

These smouldering embers signify also the passing of our school days. From the dead ashes may there rise thoughts of our school which are kind, generous, joyous, but above all, Loyal and True to our Alma Mater. May we go forth cherishing a love for her which shall kindle a flame of affection in the hearts of those who may follow us. And may the bright light of honor and truth be reflected from us, when we no longer can look to her so constantly for Cheer and for Radiance.

As the last spark of this flame dies out and its smoke passes away forever—may every haunting or unpleasant thought, word, or deed fade from our memory FOREVER—and we, the class of 1923—pledge ourselves to build a brighter, happier flame of Love and Loyalty for our Alma Mater—Dear Lasell.

CHRISTINE P. LALLEY.



Effigy of Gardner's Cat

She comes to my room at eleven each night,
Sneaking around with her eyes shining bright,
Jumps up on the bed and 'bout scares me to death—
While I lie there so still, just gasping for breath.
This isn't a ghost—no, nothing like that—
It's only dear Gardner's beloved ol' cat,
Our Percy.

To live on "first floor" and have this little pest
Climb in through the window and walk on the desk,
And tip over the ink and spoil all that's in sight—
The work that you've done the previous night—
Theme papers ruined, note-books destroyed,
No wonder this cat we always avoid,
Our Percy.

And what would you do if a rustle you heard
In your waste-paper basket at midnight? My word!
You'd think of all sorts of things, burglars and spooks,
And perhaps, if you dared to, you'd throw a few books.
Then a piercing "meow" as four feet pitter pat—
And you'd realize again, 'twas that horrid ol' cat,
Our Percy.

Now perhaps you will think it most cruel of me
To throw into the flames poor Percy; but see
How much trouble she's made, how she's scared us this year;
Reason that out, you'll not think me so queer.
She has done some good, she has done some harm,
Now she'll be going to "Kitty Cat's Farm,"
Our Percy.

BETTY NEAL.



Flame Speech

I

They were always taking exercises;
They were always on a diet;
And the constant talk among their friends
Was the way pounds vanished by it.

II

"Say, how much have you lost this week?"
Could be heard day after day;
Or, "I've planned to start dieting this noon,
So I must see what I weigh."

III

Thus it went on from girl to girl,
'Till to lose weight became a fad.
Money for candy was spent no more,
My, what a saving for Dad!

IV

How fast those pounds did disappear!
They fell off left and right;
But I have found their hiding place
And have brought them here tonight.

V

Oh, wondrous flame a-sparkling so,
I now will increase your treasure
By adding this weight to your mass of light;
Its burden has given no pleasure!

ELIZABETH MITCHELL.



Flame Speech

Old Clock of Carpenter Hall, your duties have been unceasing this year. Disturber of our slumbers, controller of our waking hours, you have hustled us to our meals; driven us to our classes; ordered us in spite of our protests to study hour, thus shortening our evening revelries.

Perhaps you have done your best. Nevertheless secure in our Senior retreat you have been a law unto yourself, paying too little heed to what other school clocks were saying. Your face, apparently so frank and honest, has failed to inspire our confidence. With an almost cynical grin you have gazed upon us as we have dashed madly for the dining-room, horror stricken at the realization that because of you we should probably be members of Monday morning study hall. Again when the fancy seized you to be ahead of time with what triumphant glee you have watched us rush out the door, only to find when we reached Bragdon, that we had at least one half minute to spare.

So now, old clock, we are through with you and your deceitful glances, and that you may never annoy the class of twenty-four as you have troubled us, into the flames I shall fling you. Joyfully we listen to their snapping and crackling, as we realize that your intriguing and scheming countenance will forever be absent from Carpenter Hall.

BETTY CHANDLER.

Chest of Chills

Beware! Do not open the lid, for within this chest are many petty CHILLS! I entrust to the Flames the key, also, for with it some inquisitive lass would fain satisfy her desire to see these frigid creatures. There are many of them. During the long, cold winter days who among us did not shiver again and again, especially while climbing the hill to Main in the early morning? At the time of the taking of our caps and gowns, did not many experience a nervous apprehension, the chills creeping up our back bones lest there be some slip somewhere? Then how often before those terrific exams, were we petrified with dread at the possibility of forfeiting these insignia of dignity? Yes, and those icy looks of the underclassmen, left in mid-air!

And so, little chest of CHILLS, I give you to the heat of the Flames. Farewell!

MARGARET BULLOCK.



Our Crow's Nest — Farewell!

Throughout the year have we climbed your time-worn steps up to your lofty seat. And in this lofty seat what thoughts have passed through our minds as we have sat here idly dreaming and lazily watching the clouds roll by. Thoughts of the past—things we have done and left undone; thoughts of the ever busy present with its problems, which seem of such great importance to us now, but in a few months will seem quite trivial; and then, thoughts of the future—that fascinating “No Man’s Land,” where we all love to wander.

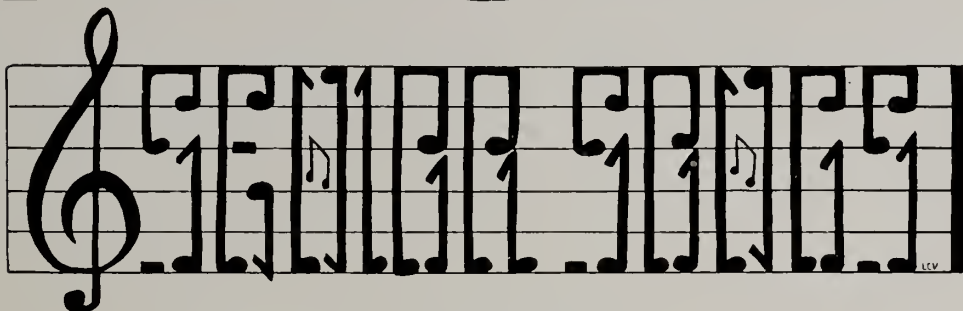
Many times have we enjoyed the company of our underclass friends and we sincerely hope that we have not been selfish with our “hermitage.”

As our year has passed, and as, tonight, our torch is passing on—so passes our Crow’s Nest!

So, dear Seniors of tomorrow, it is with anticipation of your approaching success and it is with love and congratulations that we hand down to you our “tradition seat.”

Our Crow’s Nest—farewell!

J. C.



CAP AND GOWN SONG

Tune—Roses of Picardy

Tonight '23 comes in caps and gowns;
 Seniors now pledge to you loyalty,
 Just like the rays shining from our lamps.
 Through the years will our love burn for thee,
 O Alma Mater dear,
 And 'tis now our hearts swell with undying love,
 For to you '23 will be true;
 And our one guiding star,
 That shall shine above
 Will be the memory of days spent with thee.
 We will be true to thee, twenty-three!

WELCOME TO NEW GIRLS

Tune—Jimmy, now I love but You

New Girls, now we greet you
 For we're glad to see you
 Among us here tonight;
 And we hope you'll be most contented.
 As the time rolls onward,
 Days will seem more dear.
 Let's be loyal one and all!
 Lasell now welcomes you here.

CARPENTER'S REPLY TO JUNIOR SERENADE

Tune—Memories

Junior Class '24
 Our hearts are won by you.
 In all the days we'll spend with you
 We always will be true.
 In work or play—
 Come what may—
 Our hearts to you we pledge.
 Fine spirit you show,
 And our love, it will grow.
 Oh, dear Juniors, to you
 We're true blue.



GARDNER'S REPLY TO JUNIOR SERENADE

Tune—Boy of Mine!

Juniors dear, you've come here,
Singing to us your song.
You've shown tonight
The spirit we like,
A will to be strong and true.
'23 in answer, we
Sing from dear "Gardner Hall".
We loved your song.
We thank you all,
Juniors of '24!
Juniors of '24!

CARPENTER'S REPLY TO JUNIOR SERENADE

Tune—Georgette

Juniors, Juniors,
You sure have shown pep;
Juniors, Juniors,
You've taken a step
To make our hearts
With loyalty swell;
For all of the members
Of your dear class of '24.
Juniors. Juniors,
We'll always love you
And you have shown
That you are true blue.
And now goodnight,
To you, Juniors dear—
You'll find our love sincere.

GARDNER'S REPLY TO SOPHOMORES' SERENADE

Tune—When Shadows Fall

Girls of Gardner Hall greet our sisters all.
We, Seniors, love you dearly,
And want to tell you clearly
How we love your Song,
And we'll always long
To keep our friendship strong,
Class of '25.



GARDNER'S REPLY TO FRESHMEN'S SERENADE

Tune—Just A'Wearying for You
 '26, your song tonight
 With its meaning true and bright,
 Seems to make us love you more,
 As you sing at Gardner's Door,
 Seniors bid you now adieu.
 Freshmen, hearty thanks to you.

CARPENTER'S REPLY TO FRESHMAN SERENADE

Tune—Love Will Find a Way
 Freshmen, every one—
 We thank you for your song,
 You're the class we'll back every time—
 For you are bound to shine.
 Tonight, as we sing to you—
 Our hearts full of love so true,
 We'll always stand for the best
 And for our dear Freshman Class.
 Freshmen, we'll always be true.

SENIOR BASKET-BALL SONGS

One little job for the undertaker,
 Another little job for the casket maker.
 In a local cemetery they are very, very busy
 On a brand new grave.
 No hope for the Juniors
 NO HOPE!

Here's to the Seniors.
 Shoot her in, shoot her in.
 Here's to the Seniors,
 Shoot her in, shoot her in.
 When we begin we are all going to win,
 Shoot her in, Senior Team,
 When you can,—rah—rah.

Tune—I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark
 Listen here—sh, sh, sh, Juniors dear,
 Just a word from a few who know.
 Try you may to win this fray—
 You'll find it a weary task.
 So now we've given you
 This warning, unasked
 You'll find it's no dream.
 "There's no place like *Home*,"
 When you're beat by the
 SENIOR TEAM.



SENIOR BASKET-BALL SONGS

Tune—Pony Boy

Senior Team, Senior Team,
There's none like our
SENIOR TEAM
They've got pep and a "rep"
That will carry them through.
Watch them now with that ball
Merry sight will be.
Shoot her in, shoot her in,
Shoot her in—Where?
To victory.

SENIORS, THANK YOU SOPHOMORE-SENIOR PARTY

Tune—Soothing

Now we thank you, Sister Class,
Memories of tonight will last.
You have entertained your Sisters.
And you've filled all our hearts with glee.
The pleasure we have had this evening
Is due to your most hearty greeting.
We'll ne'er forget it, oh, Sister Class.
You're loved by '23.

WELCOME TO SOPHOMORES SENIOR-SOPHOMORE PARTY

Tune—Vamp Me

Welcome, dear baby sisters,
We welcome you to this party,
With greetings full of cheer.
We find our friendship with you this year
Has proven so very dear
That thoughts of a future parting
Will to us be most disheartening.
We love your gracious manner.
We ask for nothing finer,
For you have been true blue,
So won't you accept our challenge
And join the evening's fun and frolic.
Welcome, dear '25!



GOODBYE SONG TO SOPHOMORES
SENIOR-SOPHOMORE PARTY

Tune—Dearest

Blue 'cause we're parting,
Just as we're starting
To enjoy every minute with you,
Our sad adieu, we say to you.
Believe us, now as you're leaving,
Our hearts you're grieving.
The joy you have given us tonight,
You will find will prove
To be a memory divine.

SENIORS' THANK YOU
JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

Tune—Lonely Nest

We thank you, O Juniors dear,
We love you, 'tis very clear.
There's nothing we wouldn't do
To show to you our deepest appreciation.
Juniors, we've always said,
That to you our hearts are pledged.
We love you so tenderly.
You're all the world to '23.

SENIOR-JUNIOR WELCOME SONG

Tune—Falling

We welcome you with pleasure
Pleasure is brought with you.
Hard though it is to find
Words you have not heard
To tell you just how much
We love you.
We hope that you may realize
That it is our desire
To give you the heartiest welcome
For we love you, dear '24.



SENIOR-JUNIOR GOODNIGHT SONG

Tune—Smile Through Your Tears

We sing to you our goodnight
Fond and true,
Hours quickly pass
When they are spent with you.
Just like a ray of sunshine,
Brightly sweet—
To have you here with us
Has made our joy complete.
So goodnight, Juniors dear.

PROCESSIONAL

Tune—Rejoice, the Lord is King

We come tonight, Lasell,
To gather at your shrine.
Our love for you 'tis hard to tell;
It soars to heights divine.
“LIFT HIGH THE TORCH” our motto is.
Send forth its beams both far and wide,
And cast its rays in realms unknown;
Its light will prove a priceless guide.
'Neath sheltering walls we dwell,
In closest friendship bound.
Our saddened thoughts we cannot quell,
As parting hours draw round,
But yet our hearts are filled with pride,
For victory sweet we have attained,
And now throughout all future days,
We pledge our loyalty unfeigned.

WELCOME SONG (In the Tent)

A hearty welcome is extended from
The class of '23.
We greet you all most heartily.
It gives delight to have you here,
Upon this night which is so dear.
We welcome you now with joy sincere.



TO THE CROW'S NEST

Tune—Watch on the Rhine

Now once again the Seniors meet,
To take their old tradition seat.
We take today what is our due
And to it pay our homage true.
This crow's nest where we take our stand,
We'll hold as Seniors grave and grand.
Hail to the shades of Seniors gone before!
Hail to you '23 forevermore!

TABLE SONG

Juniors, we have taken our tables
Now couldn't you die!
Maybe you thought we were unable
Now couldn't you die!
But it takes more than watching
To accomplish the deed
Of preventing the Seniors their tables to achieve.
When you had your shifts in the morning
We thought we'd die,
When you had your shifts in the evening
Oh me, Oh my!
Never once did you flinch, dear Juniors,
But even you, it is true, can't catch us.
Now you see '23 here together,
Now couldn't you die.

SOPHOMORE FAREWELL

To you, dear '25, we raise
A parting song of praise.
True and undying loyalty
You've shown to your sisters always.
With many secrets, it is plain,
We have trusted you, not in vain.
Our love with you abides as on we strive.
Farewell to you, dear '25.
(Sings '23, Farewell!)



JUNIOR FAREWELL

Tune—The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

We sing to the class that is dear to our hearts,
'24, we love you well.
The time has come and to you we bid
Our last and fond farewell.
And tears dim our eyes as our voices rise.
'24, to you we'll be true.
Though our rivals strong
In our hearts you belong,
'23 sings Farewell to you.

RECESSIONAL

We love you, Alma Mater fair.
We all regret this parting hour;
But time is unrelenting now
And no fond wish can change her power.
Your mem'ry we shall cherish dear;
Our love for you is most sincere.
The dreaded hour has come at last
When severed friends must go their ways;
Remembrance sweet shall long remain
To strengthen us in future days.
As we depart, O dear Lasell,
To answer Life's insistent call,
Forever staunch and true we'll be;
Your spirit in the hearts of all.
Hear '23 as now we vow
To guard you well,
Our dear Lasell!
Farewell!

GARDNER FAREWELL SONG

Tune—The End of a Perfect Day

We as Seniors are leaving dear Gardner Hall,
Our wonderful home on the hill;
But the hope of returning is with us all,
And of finding a home there still.
Dear "housemates," we've loved you and hate to go
Away, for we'll miss you so;
But we'll always be proud of our dear Lasell,
Alma Mater, we prize full well.
'23 sings "farewell" Gardner Hall.

BETTY NEAL.



FAREWELL TO CARPENTER

Tune—Aloha

Dear old Carpenter, we raise in song
To thee a fond and last adieu.
In our treasured mem'ries you belong,
Ever cherished, never fading from our view.
Farewell to thee,
Sings '23.
Our home of happy school days we are leaving.
Our love for thee shall ever endless be.
We go,—tho' every heart is grieving,
'23 sings farewell!

FAREWELL TO BRAGDON

Tune—Just a Little Blue

Dear old Bragdon Hall,
House upon the hill,
Your stately presence we must leave.
Great the debt already owed
For the gifts you have bestowed.
Hours of work, hours of play
We have spent 'neath your shelter.
We love you tenderly,
Firm in faith we'll be,
Your call to heed most readily.
We shall dream and yearn for our return,
Farewell to you sings '23.

FAREWELL TO CROW'S NEST

And now to you, oh Crow's Nest dear,
Our Senior pride and treasure.
Ah yes, to you we must bid Farewell,
The source of much joy and pleasure;
But yet we're glad that 'tis '24
Into whose care you're going
We know you will be cherished tenderly
As a parting gift from '23.



JUNIOR SLAM SONG

Fun we all enjoy; so we will tell you
Of the frolics of the class of '24.
Time and time again, oh, Juniors, you have tried
To learn the secrets of your Senior friends,
But luck has not been with you;
Fate has interfered.
'Member your election night?
Auburndale got such a fright,
When you all were leaving,
A-speeding in your trucks;
And though 'twas near the hour of twelve
In Wellesley woods your meeting held.
Perfect quiet?—not a riot?
That's what you couldn't do, try though you did.
Coming back you madly rode,
Tearing old Woodland road
As with vim and vigor you shouted lustily,
Serenely unaware of your error,
You gayly reveled with pleasure;
But morning found you sad,
You really were in bad.
Once you thought our banner was in Gardner Hall,
When in truth we didn't have it here at all,
Nevertheless you started out your fears to still,
Only to tumble frantically down the hill.
When we took our caps and gowns you all declared,
In the taking of our tables we would not be spared;
Weeks before we ever thought of doing the deed
To watch us steadily you all agreed;
You watched us by daylight, and you watched us by night,
Doing it most brazenly with all your might.
But we fooled you once again, for with but one try
We did absolutely before your very eyes.
Believe us truly, we hate to close this song,
But even now we know it is too long.
So here before from you we go,
This advice we must bestow:
"When you're Seniors it won't pay to be so slow."



MAY DAY SONG

Tune—"Good-Bye"

The Seniors of Lasell
 Now bow before you,
 Our chosen queen,
 We love you true,
 We're loyal to you,
 Kind thoughts think of you
 As now before you
 Our pledge renew.
 A vision fair you are,
 Within your bower enchanting,
 As we proudly gaze
 With pride at you;
 We hope your life
 Will always be full of gladness,
 No dull days to bring you sadness,
 Fairest of the queens,
 Our queen of the May.

FAREWELL

(in the Tent)

Our hearts are filled with sadness;
 'Tis difficult, we find,
 To break the bonds of fellowship
 Which us do firmly bind;
 We'd love to stay forever a part of dear Lasell,
 But Time demands his changes
 And now we say—Farewell!

SENIOR YELL

S-e S-e S-e-n-i,
 N-i n-i n-i-o-r,
 S-e-n-i-o-r-s,
 Seniors, Seniors, Seniors



More Little's



Jean - Lizzie
Anne



Anne - Frances
Arline



Monday Morning



Jean - Bonnie
Liz - Rosalie



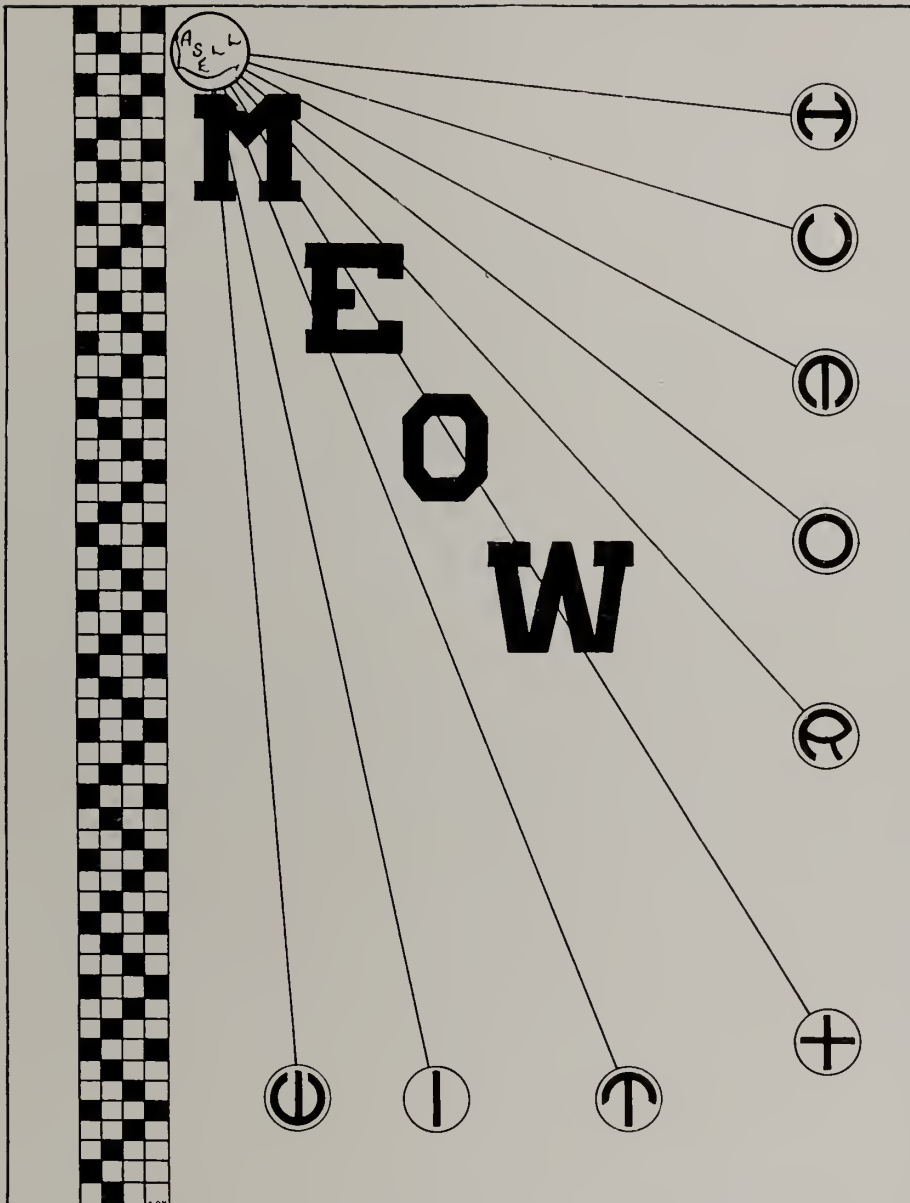
Pinkie + Ev



Ruth + Frances



Ev - Del - Jean
Ruth





MEOW

Volume III

Lamp Number

MOTTO

Why keep a memory book—let us keep one for you

CONTRIBUTORS

Josephine Curry '23

Ruth Throm '23

Jocelyn Tong '24

Frances Badger '24

Catherine Lalley '25



HELEN STERN

To the girl whose originality, talent, and ability
made the "Meow" more than a visuality
—we dedicate this number.

PUSSY FOOTINGS

33 HANCOCK
STREET



As the Seniors saw it



As the Juniors saw it.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that "Pete" Gleason when asked to hear a prominent surgeon give a talk on appendicitis over the radio replied: "No, thanks! I'm tired of these organ recitals."

TENDER MEMORIES

I rose and gave her my seat,
I could not let her stand;
She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

He—"Yeh. all good dancers dance on the toes."

She—"You must be good, then! You haven't been offa mine since we started."

Dot, indignantly—"Ethel Cole is no lady, while I was singing she came up and struck me twice."

Mer—"Well, why didn't you stop singing the first time?"

ANTICIPATION

He—"Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"

M. Huggins—"Yes, all of it!"

He—"I'm a little stiff from bowling."

C. P.—"Where did you say you were from?"

He—"I passed your house last night."

B. L.—"Thanks."

A JUNIOR'S AMBITION IS TO HAVE:

| | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Betty Mitchell's |Athletic Ability |
| Helen Lightbody's |Musical Talent |
| Betty Neal's |Style |
| Ruth Hight's |Poise |
| "Pinky" Puckett's |Executive Ability |
| "Connie" Colton's |All-Roundness |
| Olga Hammell's |Good-naturedness |
| Ruth Dinsmore's |Sweetness |
| "Dell" Smith's |Studiosness |
| "Evie" Shidler's |Smile |
| "Liz" Buettner's |Pep |
| Norma Prentis's |Cuteness |
| Florence Gifford's |Eyes |

LASELL GIRLS

HEARTS DESIRE



The collage is a heart-shaped collection of various cutouts, including text, images, and small advertisements. The items are arranged in a dense, overlapping manner. Some of the visible text includes: "The Dollar", "Nerve", "Love", "WANTED Mail", "Winter Sports", "memories", "The Secret", "Ruane", "Character", "Reducing is Such Fun!", "Silver Moon", "Home", "Return of Spring", "Good Look", "Rest", "More Money", "Vacation", "So This Is School", "REAL SERVICE", "A Friend", "Where To Find A Husband", "Dumb-Bell", "Shopping", "Learn to Dance!", "The Dollar", "Nerve", "Love", "WANTED Mail", "Winter Sports", "memories", "The Secret", "Ruane", "Character", "Reducing is Such Fun!", "Silver Moon", "Home", "Return of Spring", "Good Look", "Rest", "More Money", "Vacation", "So This Is School", "REAL SERVICE", "A Friend", "Where To Find A Husband", "Dumb-Bell", "Shopping", "Learn to Dance!". There are also several small images of people, including a man in a suit, a woman in a dress, and a group of people. The collage is set against a dark background.

AND

A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING

AND
A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING



The "Inquiring Reporter" asked the question, "How's business?"

These are the answers he got from the following people.

Tailor—"Ripping."

Suway guard—"Rushing."

Painter—"Brushing up."

Undertaker—"Dead."

Judge—"Fine."

Aviator—"Up in the air."

Street cleaner—"Picking up."

Scissors grinder—"Very dull."

Dentist—"Boring."

Conductor—"Fair."

An elderly continually feared that he would some day have paralysis, so he was always pinching himself to see if he was still sensible to feeling. One night he discovered total insensibility in his leg. "At last," he groaned, "it has come." His table companion, on being told the tragedy, looked relieved, and finally said: "Well, if it's any consolation to you, it was my leg you were pinching."

Why is Lasell like a Cat? Because it has a meow. Oh—yes—we have to have per too.

Why do the wild waves continually moan and sob? Because every time they go up against the bank, they go broke.

Now when a girl goes with a girl
Just walking once or twice,
Then the girl has a crush
On the girl she thinks is nice.

When the florist's bill is due
And the holidays draw near,
Then comes the sad awakening
That crushes are quite dear.

Says fussing when you're dating
Go to the "vill" for tea,
And at the "del" get "hot-dogs"
And a special for you and me.

These little village pilgrimages
For just food and "coke,"
And soon the month's allowance
Will all go up in smoke.

Miss E.—"What was in this dome?"

A. F.—"Decorations."

M. B.—"I have a dome, too."

?—Yes, and full of decorations, too."

New girl to Betty Bristow—"Do you play on the piano?"

Betty—"Not when my room-mate's around; she'd be afraid I'd fall off."

A man brought a man who was dumb to a doctor.

Dr.—"What is the matter with your friend?"

Friend—"There was fire in the deaf and dumb asylum last night."

Dr.—"Yes."

Friend—"And, John here, broke his thumb yelling 'fire.'"

Arline to Connie in vespers—"I like that hymn."

Connie—"Mmm—and I like lots of other hims, too."

We're s'prized at you, Connie, very much s'prized.

Mother—"I don't think Dick had any business to kiss you last night. I repeat, I don't think he has any business to do it."

Daughter—"Why, mother, that wasn't business, that was pleasure."

Pinky coming into the hall, quietly asks the telephone girl this question:

"Can I get Gardner in the first booth?"

"Well, hardly, that is to say not quite, Pinky."

Saturday night caller—"Oh, you Lasell girls are so slow."

Mary Godard—"I'm afraid I don't grasp you."

The Man—"That's just it."

Grandmother—Bobby, if you were on a crowded street car and saw an old lady standing up what would you do?

Bobby—Pretend I was asleep.

Sweet May—She was a queen,
But now, she's passed away;
She died on May the thirty-first,
That was the last of May.

Patron to waiter—"Have you got frog's legs?"

Waiter—"No, sir, its rheumatism that makes me walk like this."

She—My father gives me a dollar every birthday. I now have 17 dollars.

He—How much does he still owe you?

Teacher—"What are you going to be when you get out of Lasell?"

Louise Orr—"An old lady."

M. Niday—"Since I've been east I have had a hard time making people believe Idaho is civilized."



DON'T

Don't say "Say,"
 And don't say "See?"
 Don't say "Listen."
 And don't say "Gee!"
 Don't powder your nose
 In the public gaze;
 Don't polish your nails
 In the public ways,
 And don't display
 Such a length of limb;
 Don't dress on the street
 As if going to swim;
 Don't talk so much
 About "him" and "his";
 Don't say so often
 "I'll say it is."
 And don't say "Dearie,"
 And don't chew gum!
 And then I'll say
 "The millennium's come."

The humorists of this department are in no humor to invent all the humor and so must be humored. We therefore assert that it's up to some other jesters to sugJEST some original jests.

There are an ad. and an adage.
 Which puzzle me a heap.
 They tell us, "Say it with flowers";
 And they tell us, "Talk is cheap."

BANKING MADE EASY

Bank Cashier—"You will have to be identified, madam."
 Lady—"My friend here will identify me."
 Cashier—"But I don't know her."
 Lady—"Oh, well, I'll introduce you."—*Boston Transcript.*

I'd rather be a Could Be
 If I could not be an Are.
 For a Could Be is a Maybe,
 With a chance of touching par.
 I'd rather be a Has Been,
 Than a Might Have Been, by far;
 For a Might Have Been has never been,
 But a Has Been was once an Are.

CAT SKILL

Bragdon Hall's a home for us all
 For it's there we work and play.
 At Woodland Park there's always a lark
 It's one of the best we'll say.
 Bancroft's small but it's heard the call
 And has quickly arisen to fame.
 The Senior homes are to us like thrones
 So it's for them we all aim.
 Gardner and Carpenter are the two
 Names we love so well.
 But it's not one house, but every one
 That makes up our dear Lasell.



A WORTH WHILE SUGGESTION

It has been suggested that a properly chaperoned school party go to visit the world famous collection of glass flowers at Harvard. The only reason that the plan did not materialize was that the area of the bulletin board was not large enough for all the names of those eager to become informed on the subject in question. We wonder at the thirst for botanical knowledge, or was it another branch of biology that interested our little doves.

The Junior League this year is quite portecochère. One of their biggest *affaires* of the year was successfully carried out a few weeks ago. It is rumored, though not verified, that some of the league did not arrive home from the "Partie"—if we can call it that—until the time that the *homme du lait* usually appears! This, however, stands only as a rumor. The newcomers at Lasell-sur-Bostonalbanie bid fair to become active and popular in all lines of activities. *On dit* that the Earl of Chastowne has something to say to the various charming young daughters of the Woodlandshire family.

The Saturday Whunelevenne is as popular as last year if not more so, and many of our fairest debutantes take advantage of it. The neighboring resorts of Watcham and Wellestea-Roome are as much frequented as before. Our Sunday afternoon soirees, while under the direction of the Messrs. Blue and L. Olney, are continuing the same as of yore. This is, however, of a necessity, being one of the Blue Laws. However, a few entertainments have been given during these times with more or less éclat—that is to say, care and vigilance. The Monday Morning Mugwump Meetings are being well attended this year—many invitations have been sent out and nearly all accepted. An opportunity to those who do not attend is given to cultivate Georgeaugustus and other letterary lights. The Society of Orphans—a malevolent and self-condemnatory club—holds its regular meetings on Wednesday afternoons—that is, the meetings are regular—many strenuous meetings are being made in this club and it is hoped that some day in the approaching season a concerted effort will effectively down all protestations and make a killing effect.

Much more could be told of the charming Saturday morning *affaires* debored and how the younger set are becoming calloused to

them. But of this enough—I have told you enough of the brilliantine and charmant haut monde of La Selle. To see is to believe, or as the French have it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

UNDER THE CLOCK BETWEEN CLASSES

(With apologies to Voo-Doo)

"My dear, I'm sick about it, not even a postal card. No, I can't subscribe, sorry but that Senior just wouldn't let me go until I'd bought a sweater. My dear, will you listen to this part, he says 'if my fraternity pin means no more to you than'—Don't tell me we had to write it—oh, boy, me for Mrs. Benson. I can't face that man with another excuse—See, there she goes, and you mean to tell me you think that color is becoming, why at that rate I could wear—D'ya know, Dick's getting off easy this year, he used to send two pounds a week, but now with these new rules—My dear, it's simple—you just take the bias fold and shir it on—Oh, Arline, save me a seat in the back row—Liz, will you please do House Course, I just have to write a letter next period—"

And so it goes on *ad infinitum* 'til sometimes we wonder how the old clock in Main Hall ever manages to keep a straight face.

V. Bass hurriedly dressing for senior song practice—"How are we going to dress in such dark daylight?"

Bonnie to Betty on the night of Junior elections:

"I wish they'd stop having elections. I s'pose we've got to get up and look at 'em."

Betty, jumping up—"Never mind, dear, wonderful training, you can be a night nurse when you grow up."

AMBITION, OR WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE

I want to be a senior

And with the seniors stand.

With a fountain pen behind my ear

And a note-book in my hand.

I wouldn't be a President,

I wouldn't be a King,

I wouldn't be an Angel.

For Angels have to sing.

I'd rather be a Senior

And never do a thing.

PURR-QUOI?



"Where are you going, O Bigily dear?"
The timid Littlily cried,
But the Bigily dear sailed serenely on,
Ignoring the tot at her side.

"Say, where are you going?" she cried again.
"What and where is your line?
Just cast one glance my way, I implore,
O Bigily, majestic, divine."

"My ways are past your knowing, my dove,"
The Bigily deigned to reply,
"For Senior secrets are invisible
To a Littlily's near-sighted eye."

Oh, sad and hard are the ways of the world
For a Littlily all at sea,
But cheer up, Littlily, way down there,
Sometime you'll a Bigily be.

"Mid-years" are over, but some of the "gems
of purest ray serene" still gleam upon the
pages of the examination books,—
An equestrian—one who asks questions.
Idolater—a very idle person.
Ipecac—a man who likes a good dinner.
Parasites—a kind of umbrella.
Republican—a sinner mentioned in the Bible.
Celibacy is when a man's single. The opposite
of this is pleurisy.
Parallel lines are lines that can never meet
until they run together.
The first conscientious Congress met in Phila-
delphia.
Emphasis is putting more distress on one word
than another.

H. C.—"I'm going to gym."
L. V.—"That's funny, tho't you'd never go
to any one but Hal."

A girl told us the other day that she wore
clocks on her stockings to keep her feet awake.
Why, oh why, don't they use clocks for hat
ornaments!

TEACHER'S MISTAKE

Teacher—Children, Holland is noted for its
cleanliness and its love of truth.

The dummy—No, 'taint, teacher! It's a
low living country, my book says.

Jo Curry—And I don't feel so well tonight
because a cold has settled in my head.

Fresh Junior (without a sense of the fitness
of things)—Occupying vacant territory, so to
speak.

GONE

Friend (just arrived in town)—I am look-
ing for a friend of mine, Mr. Scheible. I
supposed he was still cashier of the bank.
Has he left the bank?

Manager (looking at the empty safe)—"Yes,
he has left the bank and that's about all he
did leave."

"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now.
I'm living just across the river."

"Indeed. I hope you will drop in some
time."

Connie answering Mrs. Towne when asked
about a certain rule:

Mrs. Towne—"But, Carolyn, look up the
privileges in the Blue Book."

Connie, pouring over B. B. vainly—"That
may be all right, but I can't find the Senior
Privileges here."

A SHIFTY LOT

The Juniors were a lively crew,
Their watch they never lifted,
And when one gang went down to watch
Another gang then shifted.
The Seniors, they were lively, too,
Their watch they never lifted,
They rushed upon the scene one night
And then the tables shifted.

Miss Ells—"Do you know about artist's
temperament?"

Virginia Bass—"Oil, I think."



Chris Lalley—"Why were you thrown out of Glee?"

Liz—"For singing."

You're studying at your desk

Waiting for the bell.

And you think of a piece of scandal

Which you've simply got to tell.

It won't take but a minute,

And you don't need to get "per";

So you look around the hallway

Then make a rush for "her."

S. O. S.! There comes Senora,

Your heart sinks with despair;

You rush around the corner

And fall right down the stair.

You come up by the other way

And think you will get by,

When—Oh, my dear! You see Miss Lane—

You start to gasp and sigh.

Next Monday morning comes around

And Boston is your aim;

But, sure enough, in study hall,

You answer "Present" to your name.

Imaginations work wonders! Listen to this!
My Dear Miss True:

I am both hurt and displeased that you have not come to me for my note-book. It has been due for nearly a month and you have shown little or no interest in getting it in!

I am waiting impatiently for you to come to me.

Peevishly,

ANNA BULLOCK.

TOO MUCH HASTE

Anna to Mr. Dan-I-me-er—Could you fix me up a dose of castor oil so it won't taste?

Mr. D.—Certainly. Won't you have a glass of soda while you're waiting?

Anna—Oh, thank you.

Mr. D.—Is there anything else?

A. B.—No, just the oil.

Mr. D.—But you just drank that.

A. B.—Oh, dear! It was for my room-mate.

Kind Lady—Boy, why are you crying?

Boy—I've just had the measles and had to stay out of school a month.

K. L.—Well, never mind, you can't get them again.

Boy—That's why I'm crying.

SLAM! BANG!

He (walking by a graveyard)—"Wouldn't it be terrible if all the dead should come to life again?"

She (yawning)—"Ho-hum, I certainly wish one of them would."

FROM PHILADELPHIA

Jack—The referee penalized three of our men for holding.

Jill—How Puritanical of him! He must be old-fashioned.

Lost—A gym shoe by a junior with a long tongue.

Father Fly (on the bald head)—When I was a boy, my son, this road was only a foot path.

Pupil, translating Virgil—"Come, dear father, jump on my neck." Whereupon the Latin teacher took the place of father.

P. Wolf—"What is your birthstone?"

R. Hight—"Grindstone, I guess."

Visitor—"How many people work in one study hall?"

One-who-knows—"About one-third."

Maria—John, John, get up, the gas is leaking.

John—Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed!

A NEW WAY TO PURIFY MILK

Put milk in a glass, bring it up over the head and lower it until it gets past your eyes.

Digging wells is about the only job you don't have to start at the bottom.

There was a man who fancied that by driving good and fast

He'd get the car across the track before the train came past.

He'd miss the engine by an inch and get the trainmen sore.

There was a man who fancied this,—

There isn't any more.

R. Throm (reading letter)—"Gee, what fine writing and so close together."

M. Lowell—"Sure, he doesn't want any one to read between the lines."

Dell—Did you ever hear of chloroform?

Evie—Sure.

Dell—Well, don't breathe it.



IF ANY of you haven't noticed
 LITTLE snow shoe pins—
 ON these girls
 ACQUAINT yourselves now
 WITH the members of the
 X—7—————
 THIS organization
 DATES from the White Mountain trip
 WHERE
 IN THE midst of snow and ice
 WARM friendships were sealed
 YOU must have heard
 THEM calling
 THRU the halls

“COUNTING OFF”

THEY termed it—

- 1) LIZ Buettner
- 2) JEAN Merrick
- 3) PETE Gleason
- 4) MIM Smith
- 5) MARYANN
- 6) LU Norris
- 7) DOTTY Buettner

BUT that isn't all—

1-2-3-5 and 7—intend

TO PASS their numbers on next year

LONG LIVE X—7





Two Kentucky Belles



Prilly and Helen



A group from Wood land



Mary Saunders



The short and long
of the Juniors



Helen Landon



Gertrude + Lucy



Dot Merwin



The W 7



Main Building Seniors

CATTY-CORNER

A WILDE AND WOOLEY CHASE

Over the Irish Hills stood Kellogg Hall and the Mill of Miller Finigan. He was of great Hight and caused many to Neal beneath his Wilde, tyrannical will. His daughter, Carey, was quite beautiful with her Brown hair and Brown eyes. One May, Dick Landon, a Cornell student, came to study in this Sweetland and lost his Hart to Carey. Each night he would signal to her with Knox on a Small Tong near the gate, Orr sent notes by Sims, a Seamon, who was also a Merriman.

Often he sat by the Watters of the lake listening to the Martin. Robbins and other birds, watching the Starr in the sky and hearing the scampering of a Swift, Small rabbit O'Hare. But Dick saw his love was useless. He could not move the Cole will of the Miller, so he gathered a Lightbody of Redman and decided to Stryker steal the lady. He filled his car Fuller with gas and paid the Redman with Strong Wry, bought a new coat from the Taylor, drove his Chandler to the nearby Heath to Parker. He secretly stole the maid and after much Huggins cried O! Shaw, as they started their happy Chase.

HIS NUMBER TAKEN

A professor noted among his students for his caustic wit had in one of his classes one year a young man who was both ignorant and conceited. One morning he made a specially self-satisfied display of both these characteristics, and the professor said he would like to see him at the end of the hour.

When he came up after the lecture, the professor asked: "You are Mr. Junkins?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a visiting card?"

"I—I—yes, sir," stammered the puzzled student.

"Then, Mr. Junkins," the professor said dryly, "write down on your visiting card all that you know, and bring it to me tomorrow."

MEOW

"MEOWSING"

The Passing Show

"Good Morning Dearie"

Our room-mate's salutation

"Thank U"As we seat the Senior
 "Follies".....Most of our life
 "Tip-Top"Lasell
 "Music Box"Fourth floor of Main
 "The Perfect Fool"....New girl's first week
 "The Gingham Girl".....Any P. K'er
 "Let'er go Letty".....Liz. Buettner
 "Blossom Time"May Day
 "Why Men Leave Home".....Any Lasell Girl
 "The Bootleggers".....Galoshes
 "Listen In".....At the Switchboard
 "The Last Warning".....Final report
 "The Awful Truth"

If Miss Potter should know

"Whispering Wires".....West Newton 630
 "Torch Bearers"

When ice cream flows on macaroni trees
 And Sahara's sands are muddy;
 When cats and dogs wear overshoes,
 That's the time we like to study.

Mary had a little lamb,
 A lobster and some prunes,
 A glass of milk, a piece of pie
 And then some macaroons,

It made the naughty waiters grin
 To see her order so,
 And when they carried Mary out
 Her face was white as snow.

Prof—"Only fools are sure,—wisc men hesitate."

Olga—"Are you sure?"

Prof—"Yes, quite certain."

Miss C.—"Who carried on the Revolutionary War at the beginning?"

L. Orr—"The soldiers."



Alcibi

H. Areson looks in the mirror with her eyes shut to see how she looks when she's asleep.

On the night of Junior elections was Louie on the job? No, on the truck.

M. Jagger—"Do you know what I think?"

H. Schroer—"No, but I've got a minute to spare. Tell me all."

Mr. Towne—"Florence, can you tell me what they raise in Russia?"

F. Gifford—"I know what you want me to say, sir, but I've been told not to talk roughly."

A fussy old widow named Pease,
Tho't her house was infested with flease,
So she used gasoline;
And her form was last sine
Sailing over the tops of the trease.

IDEAL

Patronize the Hotel Bolshewiskie; two thousand rooms and one bath.

Policeman—"How did you come to get hit by the automobile?"

Fresh from the country—"I didn't come to get hit by the automobile; I came to see my nephew!"

IDENTIFIED

Marj. Aitken called at the P. O. for a registered letter that she knew was waiting for her. Marj. being new, the clerk demurred at giving her the letter without some sort of identification. Nothing daunted, Marj. took a snapshot of herself from her pocket, remarking: "I think that ought to satisfy you as to who I am." The clerk looked long and earnestly at the portrait, and then said: "Yes, that's you, right enough. Here's the letter."

First Senior—"Aw shut up!"

Second Senior—"You're the biggest dunce in the school."

Teacher (angrily)—"Girls, don't forget I'm here."

Why does Louie look for spiders?

Because near a spider there is always a "Webb."

Why is Pete Gleason opposed to prohibition?

Because she likes her "Wry."

If Mary O'Hare were a car would Betty Parker?

IN THE SHORTHAND CLASS

Mrs. Cardwell dictated the following poem to her shorthand class:

In the church the bride was standing,
On her head the orange blooms,
In her heart and in her spirit
Were a dozen sweet perfumes.

Down the aisle the groom came walking,
On his hand there was a ring,
In his ear the organ music
Made him think his soul must sing.

Through an alley sweet with flowers
The band is on the march blowing bugles.
With their noses they inhale the scent.

The arch and flagstones in the floor
Echo forth the happy day,
Then the groom cuts from her head
One small tress to wear for aye.

And this is what R. Guhn handed in:
"In the church the bride was standing on her head. The orange blooms in her heart; and in her spirit were a dozen sweet perfumes. Down the aisle the groom came walking on his hand. There was a ring in his ear! The organ music made him think; his soul must sing through an alley. Sweet with flowers the band is on the march blowing bugles with their noses. They inhale the scent, the arch and the flagstones in the floor. Echo forth the happy day. Then the groom cuts off her head. One small tress to wear for aye."

WHY NOT

Excited Tenderfoot—Did you see that?

Alkali Ike—See what?

Tenderfoot—That swindler dealt himself four aces.

Ike—Waal, wasn't it his deal?

Recent notice been given: Juniors need not participate in fire drills; green things never burn.

Dot C.—Whenever I try to get out of gym Miss Woodward makes me feel like a leopard.

Helen P.—How is that?

D. C.—She always seems to have me spotted.



Del Smith



A Porch Party



"Chinkie"



Look Pleasant Please!



Neal and Chapman



Seniors of '21-'22-'23



Em Smith



Connie



Acroud with Miss Ells



Betty



"UNCOMMON SENSE"

She plugged along,
From day to day,
And soon she won
A raise in pay.

And then she plugged
Along some more
And got her name
Upon the door.

But still she plugged
And now we learn
She's manag'ing
The whole concern.

A green little freshie in a green little way,
Mixed up some chemicals one little day.
Green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshie's green little grave.

"THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING"

It was three o'clock in the morning and we would have been perfectly willing, in fact most eager to sleep the whole night through. But no, not so deemed some of our underclassmates. Far more interesting, verily even thrilling, was it to gaily "truck" over to the wilds of Wellesley and there perform the greatest of our privileges as American citizens: the right of the ballot.

Up to this point in the night's adventures may these playful underclassmates receive our heartiest congratulations and praise, but why, oh we ask you why—did they have to impart their glad tidings to us at such an unseemly hour?

Was it enthusiasm or could it be that they were afraid of one of our Southern representatives? Ah, children, you were wrong when you thought Louie was slow; it is only in her talk that she drawls.

Accept criticism; all the wisdom in the world is not under one hat.

Don't let your studies interfere with your education.

Why is a mouse like a bale of hay? Because the cattle eat it.

They say clothes don't make the girl, but there's a pile of girls that owe a lot to their dressmakers.

LOST

It was funny,
Yes, tragic.
It was on a
Country road and
Farmer Jones was
On his way home
From town and
He was carrying
A lot of bundles,
When he thought
He had forgotten
Something and
Twice on the way
He stopped and
Searched his pocketbook,
But at last he decided
That he had
Everything with him,
And when he reached
Home his daughter
Came running out
And, with a surprised
Look on her face,
Said,
"Why, father, where's
Mother?"

MOBFLOCKRACY

Two is company, yes, and three is a crowd, but what constitutes a mob? Examples are numerous at Lasell on Saturday nights. There are great numbers of "companies" situated and incorporated in the parlors; they are oblivious to one another and that's all right, but it is the mob we object to. The girls who race down corridors shrieking the clever lines just come out in the "Jug," or "Record," the girls who have a passion for art, especially that hang in the "Best Parlor." This next doesn't fit the definition at all but we wish the 2000-watt lamps would be seized by the mob spirit and go on strike. Entertaining a man at Lasell would drive any girl to be a fervent worshipper and discipline of Omar Khayyam:

A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou

Beside me in the wilderness—

Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow.

DRAMATIC ATTEMPTS

Claire—"My room-mate was taking part in a dramatic performance last night and she is so hoarse today she can scarcely speak."

Helen—"Oh, really! was she playing the leading part?"

Claire—"No, she was prompting."



cat SKILL



He—Mr. Smith left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose.

Him—I daresay you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.

New Pa—"What's the baby yelling like that for?"

New Ma—"He's cutting his teeth."

New Pa—"For goodness sake, take the knife away from him."

Girl—Here's your ring, I love another.

Deserted Suitor—What's his name and address?

She—Oh, you're going to kill him!

He—No, sell him the ring.

11.30 P. M.

He—Well, I must be off.

She—That's what I thought when I met you.

He (in a restaurant)—Won't you have a shrimp?

She—No, but I'll be a sister to you.

Student—You knew when I read about these wonderful inventions in electricity and all that, it makes me think a little.

Friend—Wonderful things—electricity.

Where's the school a goin'?

An' what's it gonna do,

And how's it gonna do it

When we Seniors get thru?

R. S. T.

CATTY CORNER

"Has Lucille a line?"

"No, she can't even string a racquet."

Dot M.—"What would this room be without me?"

Hoppie—"A paradise for two."

As the seniors gave the yell to serenade, a new girl rushes hysterically from her room crying, "They are going to initiate me, hide me quick!"

NEW RULES FOR BANKING

If you have overdrawn your account, simply make out another check on the same account and deposit the check to your credit.

The only limit to your writing checks is the end of the blank checks in your or your room-mate's check book.

If you are making a present of a check, it is a delicate little touch to sign it, "Your loving daughter" or "Your devoted Senior," as the case may be.

Smith—Who are you working for now?

Jones—Same people, wife and five children.

He—I could go on dancing with you like that forever.

She—Oh, no, you couldn't. You're bound to improve.

Movie Usher—You can't eat peanuts in here.

Clever Student—Yes I can, young fellow, but I could get along lots better with a little more light.

A girl got on a trolley car one day with a pair of ice skates over her shoulder. A polite man immediately offered her a seat. "Oh, don't bother, I've been sitting all morning."

Agent—I've got a device here for getting energy from the sun.

Disappointed father—Here, give me one for that son of mine.

Freda—"Are you going to the concert tonight?"

Prilly O.—"No, I don't like the program."

Freda—"Oh, you dumb-bell, you don't go to read the program!"

Excited student trying to make a speech: When I c—c—c came here tonight only two p—p—persons knew my speech, my—f—f—f—father and myself; n—n—now only my f—f—f—father knows it.

Miss True—"What is a polygon?"

Peg Lonval—"A dead parrot."



Despondent Correspondence

By I. M. A. REK.

TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS

Dear Editor:

My heart has so out-distanced my discretion that I find myself weltering in 8 or 10 crushes just at present (I have lost track of them exactly). At such a critical point in affairs I have given a great many invitations to Seniors and now find they conflict hopelessly. What would be the best way out of the situation?

EMMA S.

Ans.

Doubtless if you plead eloquently Miss Potter would permit the use of the gym for a mass meeting since there will be no lighting expense.

HEART AND FLOWERS

Dear Editor:

For two interminable days my heart has sunk slowly, steadily to the last depths of despondency. My devoted Marie has not during all that time remembered me with her usual flowery tribute. What can be the matter?

ADRIENNE.

Ans.

Possibly Ruane has become Ruin for her, but do not be disappointed. As long as her heart-strings are around your finger what matter if the purse strings snap?

Dear Editor:

I asked Pizzini to dance with me the other night, just as usual, and she coldly declined to do so. Can it be that this great passion of my life is to be ruined by a callous fate?

NORMA.

Ans.

We seem to remember an old saying to the effect that in the spring one's thoughts turn to love. You are merely serving your apprenticeship in love.

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE WINS

Dear Editor:

I'm just a wreck. I'm sick about it, my divine little K has forgotten me. She is running around with another woman, I know. No note, not a line from K for 3 periods! What shall I do?

LOUIE.

Ans.

We suggest the telephone company as a wrecking crew. How about an extension to K's room so that in moments of gloom you could give her a ring (as is the Senior custom).

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in a Senior at Carpenter but I have accepted invitations to visit her there only very infrequently because I suspect that there is some disapproval among my friends, or at least the girls at Main, at Gardner, at Carpenter and Woodland.

Would you advise me to continue to accept?

STEVE.

Ans.

Of course there will always be more or less criticism in a school where gossip is one of the chief diversions. We think in this case, however, we would suggest "See Bragdon first."

WARMING UP

Dear Editor:

My divine Helen has cut me twice in the most scandalous fashion and actually refused to speak to me at dinner. She is always parked in front of a radiator having more fun with every one, but deliberately ignores poor me. How shall I restore myself to favor?

RUTH J.

Ans.

A study of the radiator in its native haunts and its influence upon frigid maidens would be of service. See the local plumber.

M S MEOWSING

Jo—I'm for getting a vic.
Hop—No, don't get one.
Jo—Well, I'd like to know why not.
Hop—Cause I already have one.
Mer.—“Gee, the teachers are funny.”
Florence—“Well, never mind, they don't mean to be.”
Jean is so lazy that she gets up at five o'clock in the morning so she'll have a longer day to loaf.
L. Fuller—“I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard.”
N. Prentis—“O, do they?”
“Who am that guy?”
“That Guy M. Winslow.”
Miss Crockett—“When did the revival of learning begin?”
Weary Mary Ann—“Just before exams.”
Boy—“Wouldn't you like to be a man?”
Girl—“Yes, wouldn't you?”
Mrs. Towne before vacation:
“Now every one work these last few days and don't shirk—then you can all go home with a clean sheet!”
Voice nearby—“Thank you. My mother has her own bed-linen.”

SUPPLY YOUR OWN MORAL

Chicago names its principal streets after Presidents, Philadelphia names hers after nuts.

THE WEEK-END

Sing a song of week-ends,
What a weary joy;
The telephone is busy
With many a desperate boy.
For they're trying, trying, trying
To get their dates all straight,
And it takes a lot of time
To get through the faculty gate.
The Western Union makes a mint
With a couple of dozen a day,
The special delivery runs a van,—
They make it pay they say.
But that's the simplest part.
The “per” is where they slip,
I want to give you a warning,
Don't hurry to pack your grip.
Until you've seen Miss Potter
And got your mother's note;
It's always safest for the last
To know just what she wrote.
Take your gloves—take the train
Be sure you've signed the book;
You're off, my dear; at the flying train
We cast a longing look.

We had some more of these wonderfully bright paragraphs prepared for you, gentle readers, but our room-mates got them.

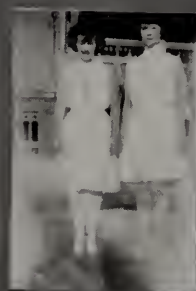
What's that—too bad they didn't get these?
Aw, now!



ALL IN



The Merry Widow
of
The Senior Class



Trentis + Smith



Dressed Up



Mills



New Girls



Areson + Jagger



Defeat of New Girls



Initiation



Calendar

- Sept. 19 New girls arrive awed by the strangeness of it all.
 Sept. 20 Old girls arrive. Much shouting. New girls still more awed.
 Sept. 21 Formal opening of school. Dance with divine music.
 Sept. 23 Missionary and C. E. Societies give entertainment.
 Sept. 24 Dr. J. Edgar Parks at Vespers.
- Sept. 26 Senior class announces officers at chapel. Pinkie Puckett unanimously elected President.
- Sept. 29 Initiation. Seniors find new girls still more weird. Thirteen pig-tails,—but enough said. Helen Chapman leads first C. E. meeting.
- Sept. 30 Old girls give new girls hearty welcome dance.
- Oct. 1 Daddy Butters at Vespers.
- Oct. 6 Helen Hinshaw leads C. E.
- Oct. 8 Dr. L. O. Hartman at Vespers.
- Oct. 9 Seniors have bonfire supper on athletic field. Hot dog!
- Oct. 11 Juniors decide to find Senior banner.
- Oct. 12 Columbus discovered America. Four hundred and thirty years later Junior class gets a razz. Seniors decide that they could never have been as dumb as the Juniors of 1924. Athletic Association elects officers.
- Oct. 13 Seniors have open house at Gardner and Carpenter. Juniors chagrined to find banner hung in Gardner. Betty Mitchell leads C. E.
- Oct. 15 Vespers—Dr. MacLure.
- Oct. 18 School votes on vacation. Commencement changed to June 12.
- Oct. 20 Pinkie Puckett leads C. E.
- Oct. 22 Dr. Chas. N. Arbuckle at Vespers.
- Oct. 27 Jo Curry, C. E. Leader.
- Oct. 28 Irene Purington arrives after elopement. Great excitement. Hallowe'en masquerade.
- Oct. 29 Mr. John E. Merrill speaks at Vespers.
- Nov. 1 Classifications posted at noon. Sophomore officers announced at dinner. Three cheers for our sister class.
- Nov. 2 12 M. Juniors begin to leave Main building.
 12.15 P. M. Seniors begin to leave Gardner and Carpenter.
 12.15 P. M. Battle takes place at Cong. and Methodist Churches.
 1.00 P. M. Small number of Juniors accompanied by Louie depart in trucks for Wellesley.
 3.00 P. M. Louie arrives at Gardner after walking from Woodland Golf Links.
 3.15 P. M. Juniors announce their officers.
 5.30 P. M. Due to lack of consideration on part of Senior class, Juniors are forced to hold legitimate elections in the studio.
 6.00 P. M. Juniors finally announce officers at dinner.
 7.30 P. M. Elizabeth Frick leads C. E.
 9.15 P. M. Sophomores serenade the Seniors.
- Nov. 3 Juniors serenade Seniors.



- Nov. 4 Lecture by Dr. Winslow, "Ye Shall Not Disturb the Peace of Auburndale."
Nov. 5 Dr. Grant Person at Vespers.
Nov. 7 Freshmen serenade Juniors.
Nov. 8 Specials announce officers.
Nov. 10 Eva-May Mortimer gets a black eye. Anna Bullock leads C. E.
Nov. 12 Mr. Harold Nicely speaks at Vespers.
Nov. 13 12 M. Last Day pupil reaches Gardner.
4 P.M. Seniors from Carpenter reach Gardner.
4.30 P.M. Seniors put on caps and gowns.
5 P.M. Seniors take caps and gowns and serenade.
Seniors wear caps and gowns all day.
6 P.M. Sophomores serenade Seniors at dinner and give them white roses.
Senior class serenades Mrs. Cannon, keeper of caps and gowns.
Nov. 14 Lasell beats Jackson College in Hockey. Score 4 to 0.
Nov. 19 Mrs. E. M. Taylor at Vespers. Camp-fire.
Nov. 21 Lasell plays Radcliffe.
Nov. 22 French Reception.
Nov. 24 Marjorie Gifford leads C. E.
Nov. 27 Dr. Lichliter at Vespers.
Nov. 29 Leave for Home.
Dec. 4 Back again after five days of joy and bliss.
Dec. 5 First real snow-storm.
Dec. 7 Student council elected.
Dec. 8 Hair nets removed. Mandolin and Glee Club broadcast from Shepard's.
Dec. 9 Dramatic Club gives two plays.
Dec. 10 Christmas Vespers. Glee Club sings. Dr. Leavitt speaks.
Dec. 13 Pupils' Concert. Musicales.
Dec. 14 Slam night dinner. A night worth remembering. Lecture on Jungle by Mr. Wells.
Dec. 15 Farewell Lasell for three weeks.
Jan. 5 Most every one arrives for first class.
Jan. 6 Basket ball game between faculty and students.
Jan. 11 All those who are not homesick have the grippe.
Jan. 12 Ruth Dinsmore leads C. E.
Jan. 14 Dr. J. Edgar Parks at Vespers.
Jan. 19 Miss Potter leads C. E.
Jan. 21 Dr. Drew speaks at Vespers.
Jan. 26 K. Lalley leads C. E. Exams begin.
Jan. 27 Ice Carnival.
Jan. 28 Mr. Stanley High at Vespers.
Jan. 29 Senior conversation begins. Pinkie hostess.
Jan. 31 Reception. Miss Sarah Ware Bassett reads.
Feb. 1 We welcome February.
Feb. 2 Basket ball game with Posse. Score 34 to 17 in favor of Posse.
Feb. 3 Olga Hammel leads C. E.



- Feb. 4 Dr. G. L. Parker at Vespers.
 Feb. 5 Mid-Winter Reunion of the Alumnae.
 Feb. 7 Dr. Winslow presents the Senior class with the crow's nest.
 Feb. 9 Edith Clendenin leads C. E.
 Feb. 10 Party leaves for White Mountains.
 Feb. 12 White Mountain trip returns. Everybody whole.
 Feb. 14 Valentine's Day. Many Seniors find their allowances diminished. Juniors get a big kick.
 Feb. 16 Del Smith leads C. E.
 Feb. 17 Sophomores give Seniors a Valentine Party at Woodland.
 Feb. 18 Dr. Bates at Vespers.
 Feb. 19 Marjorie Lowell hostess at Senior Conversation.
 Feb. 22 Geo. Washington Masquerade. Every one turns grey over night.
 Feb. 24 Senior Prom. Music, Men, and many thrills.
 Feb. 25 Vespers, Dr. Butters.
 Feb. 26 Senior Conversation. Hostess, C. Lalley.
 Mar. 1 Senior Dramatic Recital.
 Mar. 3 Senior Japanese Tea.
 Mar. 4 Dr. Raymond Calkins leads Vespers.
 Mar. 5 Senior Conversation. Hostess, Jo Curry.
 Mar. 7 Violin Recital.
 Mar. 9 Ida Markert leads C. E.
 Mar. 10 Seniors give the Sophomores a Book Party.
 Mar. 11 Mr. Geo. Grimm leads Vespers.
 Mar. 12 Juniors start shifting. Senior Conversation. Hostess, Betty Mitchell.
 Mar. 13 Juniors continue to shift.
 Mar. 14 Juniors shifted some more.
 Mar. 15 Mr. Wood speaks at C. E. Juniors still shifting strong.
 Mar. 16 Junior shifts, tho' very clever, prove a failure. Due to the cleverness of Jo Curry Seniors take tables directly after dinner. Juniors win basket ball game 7 to 4. Reception.
 Mar. 17 Juniors entertain Seniors at a dinner dance at Woodland. Prettiest party of the year.
 Mar. 18 Caney Creek Boys speak at Vespers.
 Mar. 19 Last Conversation. Pinkie is hostess.
 Mar. 20 Mrs. Martin reads "If I were King."
 Mar. 23 Louie Venable leads C. E.
 Mar. 24 Senior Play.
 Mar. 25 Dr. Eddy at Vespers.
 Mar. 26 Interclass Gym Meet. Won by Mixed Class. Seniors win Basket-ball game. Alumnae challenge Seniors and win. Exams begin.
 Mar. 28 Students' Concert.
 Mar. 30 Every one leaves for home.
 April 10 Every one arrives back after a glorious Easter vacation.
 April 14 Seniors give Juniors a Tea Dance.



| | |
|----------|--|
| April 15 | Mrs. Brown from Palmer Memorial at Vespers. |
| April 19 | C. Lalley leads at C. E. |
| April 20 | Final Basket-ball Game between Seniors and Juniors. Seniors win Championship. Lasell Night at "Disraeli." |
| April 22 | Mr. V. S. Phen spoke, and Miss Chow played at Vespers. |
| April 25 | Orphean Concert. |
| May 5 | Harvard Glee Club play. Seniors entertain. |
| May 12 | Junior play. |
| May 18 | Spanish play. |
| May 21 | Field Day. |
| May 26 | Glee Club Concert. |
| May 31 | River Day. |
| June 2 | May Day. |
| June 6 | Commencement Concert |
| June 8 | Exhibits. |
| June 10 | Dr. Lichliter. Baccalaureate Sermon. |
| June 11 | Class Night. |
| June 12 | Commencement. |

"Happenings that Happened not to Happen"

| | |
|----------|---|
| Sept. 20 | No one is homesick. |
| Oct. 12 | Juniors hung Senior banner after finding it in Gardner. |
| Nov. 1 | Junior class announces Sophomore officers after breaking up their meeting. |
| Nov. 2 | Junior class held their meeting without any disturbance, having chloroformed the Senior Class. |
| Nov. 13 | Junior class stayed awake the entire night, surrounded Gardner, prevented the Seniors from taking their caps and gowns. |
| Nov. 29 | No one left for home for vacation. |
| Dec. 14 | Both Juniors and Seniors enjoyed Slam Night very much. |
| Feb. 19 | No one was present at Study Hall. |
| Feb. 24 | Juniors were given a large dance by Dr. Winslow. |
| Mar. 16 | Juniors prove clever enough to prevent Seniors from taking their tables. |
| Mar. 26 | Seniors very disappointed to find that they had been defeated three times by Juniors in basket ball. |
| Mar. 29 | Ruth Throm got no mail. |
| April 8 | Rosalie did not say "What." |



Looking Back at Lasell



THE END



Afterword

You have before you *The Lamp*. It has come short of our expectations in many ways, but its success is due to the co-operation of each student, members of the faculty, alumni, and the untiring effort of Mr. Will C. Eddy, our publisher, and the staff feels grateful to each of you. Be kind in your criticism and judgment, remembering this is our first attempt. As a final word, we give our heartiest good wishes to the Staff of 1924. May *The Lamp* ever be a light to reflect happy memories. Keep *The Lamp* burning during future years.



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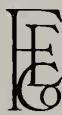
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